

Special Features This Issue
"Some of the Happiest Years of My Life"
"Sailing of the Cheap" - "Martha Jane Revised"

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messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 18 - Number 2

June 15, 2000



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messing about in BOATS

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



In his article featured on pages 11-13 in this issue, reader Howard Richmond Hannold recalls his youth messing about in boats as being "Some of the Happiest Years of My Life". In the cash strapped pre-World War II era one had to make his own fun and the toys with which to pursue it, substituting what is today referred to as "sweat equity" for simply throwing money at one's indulgences.

In his narrative Howard comments, "We kids taught ourselves the art of boatbuilding and we built every boat in our fleet..." The fleet was that of the "yacht club" he and his youthful friends created, the Corinthian Sailing Club of Camden, a club which was headquartered in a clubhouse these same youths also built on a salvaged old barge moored alongside an industrial waterfront.

The club did not survive the disruption of World War II when most of the members went off to fight in that last meaningful war, but Howard's memories have driven him today to seek out plans for that boat he built during those "happiest years of my life".

Trying to recapture the innocent charms of youth is a common malady that strikes us as we age and memory tends to romanticize those long ago times. Whatever it may have been that we undertook as youths with all our energy and innocence comes back to us at this far end of our lives when we contemplate what we did with all the intervening years, and too often wonder why they did not seem as rewarding as those earlier times.

This is the "good old days" thing that is standard conversational fare for many of us when we reach that time of life at which we are referred to today as "senior citizens". This is really a politically correct euphemism for "old guys or old ladies". Once upon a time we were commonly known as "old geezers". That these "nostalgia trips" can become more than just yearnings for some, and will motivate undertaking again some youthful adventures, seems to be not uncommon in this messing about in boats addiction. Fortunately is isn't just all "old guys" playing this game, I think the range of reader stories we have brought to you over the years illustrates that all ages include some who find messing about in boats irresistible.

One aspect that does have a different cast on it is that of today's youth involvement. From what I read and hear young people who are introduced to small boat building display that same old fascination with building their own boats that our geezers recollect. The difference is that today this is much more structured, most of the youth so attracted are involved in structured programs developed by adults. Are there still teenagers undertaking to build their very own boats on their own, or with peers, let alone organizing their own "yacht clubs" and building their clubhouses? I dunno, does anyone out there know?

Watching my children's children grow up I see how just about all of their discretionary time is organized and fit into various programs intended to offer them useful and challenging activities. Adults arrange all of this, and sign up their kids, and mom drives them hither and yon to participate. Whatever happened to spontaneous childhood play without the benefit of adult organization and supervision is a question that arises?

Those of us who go back to the World War II era for our childhood and youth recall how we did what we did on our own because we had to, our parents were far too busy trying to provide the basics of food and shelter for family life to indulge in arranging and supervising our playtimes. If we wanted to do it, we had to do it ourselves. This was great self-reliance training disguised as adventure, and the simple achievements of those childhood and teenage years gave us confidence in our abilities to continue to "do it ourselves" as we took on adult life's activities and responsibilities.

The explosion of middle class affluence in the boom years of the '50s, which provided the young people growing up then with the economic security which permitted them the luxury to "protest" in the tumultuous '60s, also sidelined that bare bones "necessity is the mother of invention" ambiance which became the basis for the nostalgic recollections now of "those happiest days of my life". I wonder if today's youth involved in our little game of messing about in boats will have similar nostalgic longings when they become the future's "senior citizens"?

Looking Ahead...

George Milliken tells us about "Sailing in a Picnic Cooler"; Brian Salzano brings us his "Great South Bay Horseshoe Crab Report"; Dick Harrington begins a serialization on summer small boat sailing on the Maine coast in "Thread of Life"; and we come to Chapter 9 of Nathaniel Bishop's "Four Months in a Sneakbox".

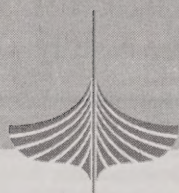
Greg Grundtisch describes building a model of his planned boat project in "The Harbor Cat 10"; Brad Little details building a "\$50 Cartopper"; Jim Hodges tells of his "Christmas Kayak"; and Charles Mantis continues with Part 2 of his "Sailing on the Cheap".

I will report on my first pedal boat tryout on "The Nauticraft Escapade"; Tim Stokes presents his "Campanoe"; Tom Shaw recalls his long ago search for "The Perfect Boat"; Mark Steele is back with more New Zealand model boat news in "Norm's Owhiti, a New Zealand Scow in Miniature"; Richard Carsen is also back with another "Dreamboats" installment, "The Argos"; and Phil Bolger & Friends introduce a "Day Cabin Diesel Launch".

Brook Elgie will briefly discuss "Cabin Heat"; and Ward Knockemus goes into some detail about "When Metals Corrode".

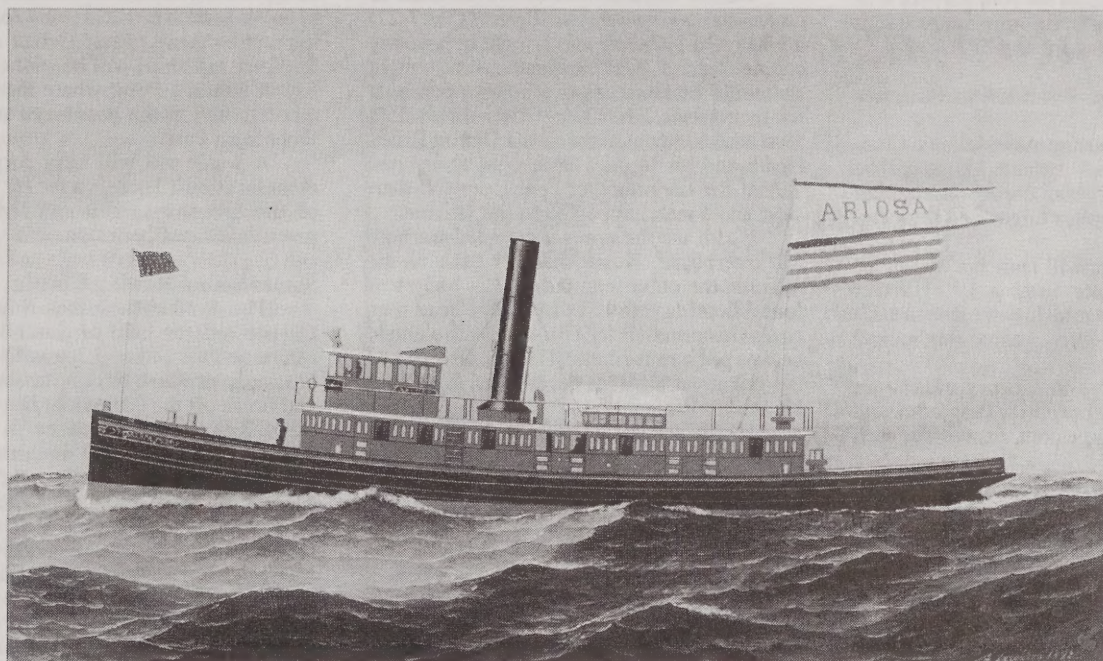
On the Cover...

A pre-World War II Olympic Monotype catboat built by reader Howard Richmond Hannold is an example of another time many of us still recall when we made our own fun, be it boats or whatever, in an era with precious little money to spend on pleasure. Howard tells us more in this issue.



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The WoodenBoat Show accepts exhibits of wooden boats and the products used to design, build, and maintain them. For exhibitor information, please send your mailing address and a brief description of your exhibit to WoodenBoat Show, P.O. Box 78, Brooklin, Maine 04616. Information will go out to exhibitors in February, 2000.

For lodging and tourist information, please call the
Mystic Chamber of Commerce at 860-572-9578 or see
The WoodenBoat Show at www.woodenboat.com

A Selection of Significant Summer Events

June & July

Sunday Breakfasts on Gloucester's Adventure

Our Gloucester Adventure Schooner Breakfast Crew will be serving up piping hot breakfasts every Sunday morning from 9:30am till 1:00pm through Columbus Day weekend dockside at Harbor Loop in downtown Gloucester, Massachusetts. We hope you'll bring your family and friends and join us! Call (978) 281-8079 for more information, or to make a reservation for your party of 6 or more. More details on our website at www.schooner-adventure.org.

Atlantic Challenge Foundation Summer Launchings

The Apprenticeship at the Atlantic Challenge Foundation in Rockland, Maine will be launching four small craft during the summer months. Perhaps readers might find these occasions of interest.

In mid-June we will launch a Matinicus peapod, and in late June a 17' Harrier beachable cruiser. In mid-July we launch a 22' lobsterboat and in early August our second Haven 12-1/2.

For exact dates and times check our websites at www.apprenticeship.com and www.atlanticchallenge.com, or write to us at the address below.

Atlantic Challenge Foundation 643 Main St. Rockland Maine 04841

New England Rowing & Paddling Events

The 2000 season calendar of New England area rowing and paddling events is now available, listing about two dozen events remaining as of this issue's publication date. For a copy of the calendar send me a stamped self-addressed #10 envelope.

Frank C. Durham, 70 Hayden Rd., Hollis, NH 03049

New Hampshire Antique & Classic Boat Auction

The New Hampshire Antique & Classic Boat Auction takes place on Saturday June 17, at Moody Mountain Farm, Wolfeboro, New Hampshire about two hours north of Boston on the eastern shore of Lake Winnepesaukee. Started four years ago as a fund raiser for the Lake Winnepesaukee Music Festival, this event is held at the home of the Music Festival in Wolfeboro. The auction supports fine classical music, recently expanding to incorporate the New Hampshire Antique & Classic Boat Museum which is also a non-profit and in need of operational funds.

There is something for everyone this year, from restored woodies to over 30 outboard motors and everything to decorate the boat house, home or office. Accessories include fishing equipment, fish mounts, wooden and metal boat signs, books, pack baskets, creels, paintings, boat flags, toys, and even an old fog horn. The stars of the auction, however, are the gleaming mahogany speedboats.

One of this year's featured boats will be a 1953 Chris Craft Racing Runabout with a 280hp small block Chevrolet 350ci, 650 Holley, foot throttle, which will reach racing speeds of 55mph and comes complete with a new stainless steel rudder and special trailer with brakes.

Many great examples of classic boats are there to be sold to the highest bidder. One special boat, *Maxine*, was de-accessioned from the Henry Ford Museum and is there to be sold to help raise money for the New Hampshire Antique & Classic Boat Museum, which is in the process of fund raising in an effort to locate the museum more permanently in Wolfeboro.

Maxine has a colorful history. Details of ownership during her first 10 years (1917-27) are hazy. In 1928 she was bought by a young couple, John & Maxine Heath, who thought she could be fixed up as a honeymoon boat for themselves. They bought her for \$1,350. Two weeks later at night on the Detroit River, Heath and his bride were aboard their boat. Out of the dark another boat roared to their side, and a man jumped on to the *Maxine*.

Heath and the stranger grappled and both fell overboard. Heath made it back to the *Maxine*, the other man didn't. His body was found floating four days later. The dead man was a Customs Service Officer. Heath claimed he was not a rum-runner. He said he attacked the unknown intruder because he feared for his bride's life.

Heath was brought to trial for murder twice. The Government contended he had canvas bags containing bottles of liquor attached to the keel of his boat. Two juries were unable to agree in full with either side. However, the Government kept the boat. Ironically, it was stored outside on beer kegs, its seams parted, and the engine rusted. On November 28, 1939 the Government sold the hulk at auction for \$275 to the Henry Ford Museum and Greenfield Village. A short time later the boat was restored and on display at Greenfield Village as a memento of the Prohibition Era.

Maxine has subsequently had a few different owners through the years and has spent much of her life in storage, until being donated to the New Hampshire Antique & Classic Boat Museum by Stan & Betty Olsen in 1997. Although *Maxine* is a fabulous example of an early cruiser she isn't in keeping with the mission of the New Hampshire Antique & Classic Boat Museum to keep and perpetuate classic boating on New Hampshire lakes. Therefore *Maxine* will again be deaccessioned from this museum and is now ready for a new owner to love and restore.

Other small boats to be auctioned off ready for the water are a finely restored 1956 17' Chris Craft Sportsman with K engine, and a 1954 12' Old Town Sport Boat with a 6hp Evinrude fisherman motor with a solid trailer. Fishing enthusiasts might also like any of the many canoes, kayaks and car toppers to be offered.

The Moultonboro Academy School to Work program led by Instructor Zeke Bly built another boat this year, a John Marples 12' Gull, a performance sailboat, the proceeds of its sale revert to the school program for next year.

This year's offerings also include approximately thirty different outboard motors made by Johnson, Evinrude and Mercury, along with parts, assorted fuel tanks, hardware, steering mechanisms and controls.

The auction begins at 11am with ample preview time starting at 9am. For last minute

information contact the Auctioneer, Frank Sykes at (603) 569-0000, <frank@antiquefest.com>, www.antiquefest.com, or the New Hampshire Antique & Classic Boat Museum, Linda DaBica at (603) 569-2533, www.nhacbm.org.

Tall Ships Charleston

The Tall Ships Exposition at Charleston, South Carolina will take place June 16-22 with about two dozen tall, ships definitely planning to be on hand. The focal point for the gathering will be the Maritime Center off East Bay St. Some tall ships will be spotted across the bay at Patriot's Point where the *Yorktown* is moored, and at the passenger terminal near Waterfront Park.

A water taxi will ferry people to these other locations. There is a fee for this viewing of the tall ships. You can learn more at www.TallShipsCharleston.com.

Somes Sound Rowing Classic

The Sixteenth Somes Sound Rowing Classic will be held in Southwest Harbor, Maine on June 24th at 9:30am. The course will be triangular, about three miles long, with start and finish off the Claremont Hotel. This is an open Regatta, with three divisions: 1) Sliding-seat singles and doubles (with separate races for racing shells and Alden Ocean shells); 2) Fixed-seat singles and doubles; 3) Single and double kayaks. The top finishers in each division by age, sex and boat class will be awarded prizes at a picnic after the Regatta at the XYZ restaurant at Manset town dock.

The sponsors are M.D.I. Rowers and Harbor House, Southwest Harbor. Please phone inquiries to: Reg Hudson, (207) 244-5411; FAX (207) 244-7249.

ROW2000: July 9 - 16, 2000: A Sanctioned International Rowing Festival in Conjunction with Sail Boston 2000

During Sail Boston 2000 this summer, the Hull Lifesaving Museum in Hull, Massachusetts, will be hosting a week-long international rowing festival. The Museum will be awash in rowers representing clubs from across the country and the North Atlantic basin. With any kind of luck, grown-up crews from Holland and kids from the rocky Faroe Isles, rowers of all ages from both coasts of Eire sprinkled with some Basques and Portugese, will meet with crews from the Bay Area, Puget Sound, Charleston, Beaufort, New York, New England, and Boston Harbor. Some will have their boats in tow, and others will "piggy-back". Some will camp on Peddock's Island, while others will stay at B&Bs or with host families. All will share the splendor of the Boston Harbor Islands, the fun of Boston Harbor rowing, and the hospitality of the Museum and the South Shore.

Our plan is to race, explore, exchange laughs and ideas, and picnic the days away, each night returning to the mainland for a food and music fete: steel bands one night, a ceidre the next, a town-wide illumination and bagpiper on another. This festival is certainly the Museum's most ambitious undertaking to date, with all of the accompanying costs, risks, and enormous potentials. In the spirit of the life-savers, we will be calling on all of our mem-

bership to pull together to make this an unforgettable celebration in which we can all take great pride.

Please contact Ed McCabe at the Museum if you can lend a hand, and mark your calendars: ROW2000, July 8 - 16!

Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., P.O. Box 221, Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.

Competition Events of ROW 2000

July 8: Melting Pot Opening Races & Name-Out-of-the-Hat Nautical Mile Sprints.

July 9: Outer Brewster Raid.

July 10: Boston Harbor International Relays, Gallops-to-Georges Sprints and Sailing-Rowing Racing Regattas.

July 14: Youth Rowing Competitions, Inner Harbor.

July 15: Blackburn Challenge, 22-mile circumnavigation of Cape Ann.

OpSailCT

New London, Connecticut will host OpSailCT on July 12-15 with a large gathering of craft of all sizes from the USA and foreign countries. On the 12th there will be an Antique & Classic Boat Parade, and Friendship sloops will conduct their rendezvous and regatta during the weekend.

Holt Vibber, 5 Soljer Dr., Waterford, CT 06385, (860) 442-7376

34th Anniversary Crocker Memorial Race

The 34th Anniversary Crocker Memorial Race, honoring internationally renowned yacht designer Samuel Sturgis Crocker, will be held July 15, 2000, on the waters off Manchester-By-The-Sea, Massachusetts. This popular race is sponsored jointly by the Manchester Yacht Club and the Manchester Harbor Boat Club, of which S.S.C. was a founding member.

The race epitomizes that special spirit represented by S.S. Crocker, combining those characteristics of both cruising and racing which emphasize seamanship and love of sailing. Traditionally a fun race for the skipper with little or no racing experience as well as the seasoned racer come and enjoy the friendly atmosphere and the excitement of competition. The race is open to all yachts carrying U.S.C.G. required safety equipment.

John Lind 24 Woodholm Rd., Manchester, MA 01944, (978) 526-9636, <jlind@tiac.net>

Adirondack Antique & Classic Boat Society Summer Events

The Adirondack Chapter of the Antique & Classic Boat Society presents two major summer gatherings:

The 10th Annual Fulton Chain Rendezvous on July 15th at the village docks in Old Forge, New York, contact Paul Hornick, P.O. Box 290, Old Forge, NY 13420, (315) 369-3552.

The 27th Annual Lake George Antique & Classic Boat Rendezvous on August 26th at the village docks in Lake George, New York, contact Maria Johnson, 9 Scott Dr., Ballston Spa, NY 12020, (518) 884-2878.

A Celebration of Classic Yachts

The International Yacht Restoration School (IYRS) of Newport, Rhode Island and Mystic Seaport Museum are jointly hosting an entire week of activities for classic yachts this

summer. Power and sail yachts will meet in Mystic, Connecticut on July 23 for the Seaport's Antique and Classic Boat Rendezvous. On the following Monday morning the fleet will begin five days of cruising in company to Shelter Island, Fisher's Island, Block Island and Newport, Rhode Island.

Owners and charterers are welcome to participate but the event committee must invite each yacht. Boats applying to participate should have been built before 1952; appear substantially original; be well maintained; have living quarters and engines or tenders with engines; and be of a minimum length of 32' overall.

The Classic Yacht Cruise fleet arrives in Newport on Friday, July 28 in time to attend IYRS' summer fundraising party "Loose Cannons Returns". On Saturday morning enthusiasts are invited to IYRS for viewing of the

Classic Yacht Cruise fleet.

Classic Yacht Cruise Itinerary:

July 22: Antique & Classic Boat Rendezvous Mystic, CT.

July 23: Antique & Classic Boat Parade Mystic, CT.

July 24: Mystic to Mashamack Preserve, via Plum Gut, 30 miles.

July 25: Mashomack Preserve, games & pot-luck dinner.

July 26: Mashomack to Fisher's Island, dinner, 25 miles.

July 27: Fisher's Island to Block Island, 20 miles.

July 28: Block Island to Newport, 15 miles.

July 29: Classic Yacht Festival, Newport, RI

Contact Joe Hewes at IYRS for more information: (401) 848-5777

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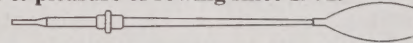
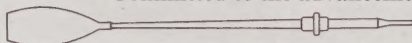
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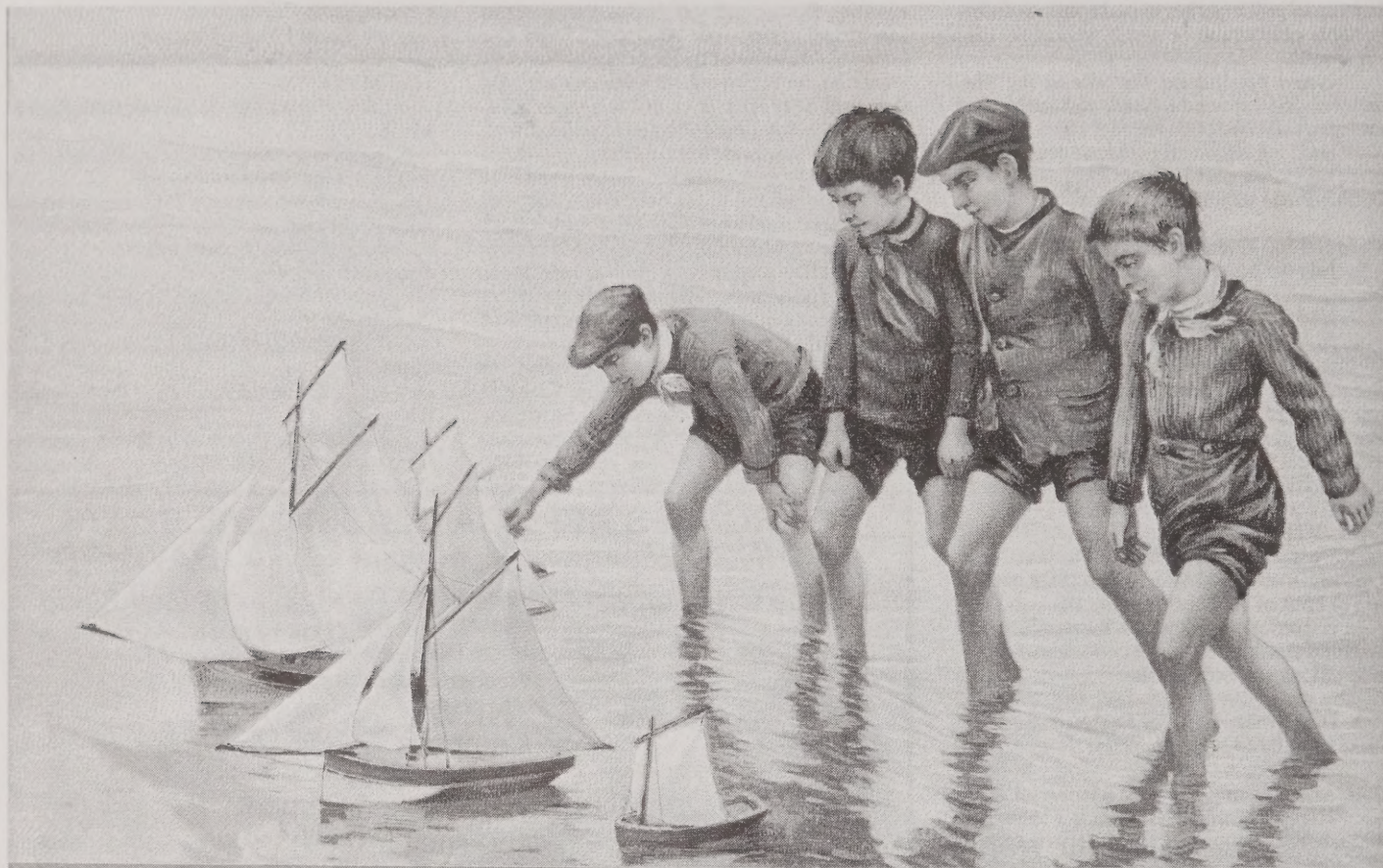
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Third Annual Festival Oar, Paddle & Sail

The Antique Boat Museum in Clayton, NY, host of the most successful Antique Boat Shows and Race Boat Regattas in the nation, is proud to announce its 3rd Annual Festival of Oar, Paddle and Sail, Saturday, July 15. "We attract participants," the Museum's Events Coordinator, Charlotte Yehle said, "because of our spectacular setting in the Thousand Islands." The Museum's protected and picturesque harbor, with breakwater, lighthouse, floating docks and skiff slide make an ideal setting for this type of festival. In addition, we have just renovated two small craft buildings and constructed a spectacular skiff livery.

The Fred Thomas Skiff Livery was completed in June, 1999. This space creates a liv-

The new Fred Thomas Skiff Livery.



Festival of Oar, Paddle & Sail



The Antique Boat Museum
1000 Islands/Clayton, NY
July 15, 2000

ing exhibit where Museum students and visitors not only can touch skiffs, but also can actually put them in the water and row them.

From the water, the structure has the beautiful look of a turn of the century St. Lawrence Skiff House. The architectural details; hand made wooden doors, dormers, posts and beams, varnished beaded board walls, cedar shingles and the beautiful standing seam, steel roof, and hydraulic skiff slide, make a spectacular exhibit and launching area for the Small Craft Festival.

The Festival of Oar, Paddle & Sail will feature a variety of events from boat building and paddle making workshops to rowing, paddling and sailing. Kids will be able to build their own boats out of cardboard kits, designed by our instructors. Participants are then encouraged to water test their boats against the competition. For the younger mates, model boat kits will be available to assemble and test.

Vendors will be on site with an array of small craft to test. There will be skiffs, canoes, sailboats and kayaks. There will be demonstrations of Eskimo rolls. Everyone will have the chance to get out on the river and try a small craft, from turn of the century St. Lawrence River cedar skiffs to the latest kayak construction. There will also be sailing races and demonstrations of the infamous rudderless St. Lawrence Sailing Skiff. If you have never witnessed a rudderless you had best come.

Admission to the festival provides access to the Antique Boat Museum and the largest freshwater collection of antique and classic boats in the world. So mark your calendars: Third Annual Festival of Oar, Paddle and Sail on Saturday, July 15, 2000, 9:00 am - 4:00 pm, Clayton, NY. For more information, call

the Museum at (315) 686-4104 or visit the Museum's website at abm.org. The festival is an old fashioned celebration of our lakes and river.

Other 2000 special events at The Antique Boat Museum are: August 4, 5, 6: 36th Annual Antique Boat Show & Auction; August 18, 19, 20: Antique Raceboat Regatta 2000.



Never enough duct tape.

Messing about in a Rushton "Towa."



THE ANTIQUE BOAT MUSEUM
750 Mary Street, Clayton, NY 13624

For more information,
call (315) 686-4104 or fax (315) 686-2775
or visit www.abm.org

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Information of Interest...

11 Earn Professional Engineer's Licenses

Until recently, naval architecture was an unlicensed engineering profession, except in Washington state. To earn a Professional Engineer's license, candidates must satisfy certain professional experience requirements and pass a written Principles and Practices (PLP) engineering examination in their chosen field.

Naval architects and marine engineers have never had their own P&P examination, and so have never been licensed. However, over the last few years, the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers in Jersey City, New Jersey, has worked with the National Council of Examiners for Engineering and Surveying (NCEES) to institute a new P&P examination in naval architecture and marine engineering. Using NCEES-sanctioned examinations, individual states issue PE licenses to qualified candidates.

However, Rhode Island, where I have lived and operated my own business as Sponberg Yacht Design, Inc. since 1984, could not offer the new naval architecture and marine engineering examination because of restrictions written into its engineering practices law, so I earned my PE license in Connecticut. I was one of eleven candidates in the nation who passed this new written examination in naval architecture and marine engineering which was offered for the first time in October, 1999.

Sponberg Yacht Design Inc. specializes in new sail and power yacht designs and consulting naval architecture and marine engineering. Recent projects include a new lightweight 44' wood-epoxy sailboat being built in Connecticut, a new 65' steel and aluminum motoryacht for Independence Cherubini Company in Delran, New Jersey, and the major refit of an 80' wooden ketch at Little Harbor Marine in Portsmouth, RI.

Eric W. Sponberg, Sponberg Yacht Design Inc., P. O. Box 661, Newport, RI 02840

Cabin Heat

Cabin heat is no lightly considered matter in the Puget Sound area because we get to use our boats all year 'round. The heater that came with our present 34' wooden Wells ketch is one of those sheet metal numbers that burns diesel or kerosene as though it still cost \$.30 a gallon and sends most of the resulting heat straight up the stack while producing about as much real heat in the boat as a well polished 40 watt light bulb.

After hearing me complain relentlessly about its lack of real thermal mass necessary for any kind of radiant heat, one day my wife asked if there wasn't some way to just increase its thermal mass. It was a flash of insight. I took off the rectangular heat shield and bought three pieces of 1/4" flat bar in widths that matched its sides. Fastened those suckers on there with sheet metal screws and the heat output went up terrifically. I'm pretty sure the same technique could be applied to any of the sheet metal heaters on the market.

Going for the real thing, though, nothing beats a cast iron heater with some weight to it. For nearly twenty years I lived aboard, and was kept warm, here in Puget Sound by a cast iron stove made by FATSCO in Benton Harbor, Michigan.

Recently I got on their trail hoping to get another of their stoves. Through many inquiries it appeared that the company was out of business and that only one other company, your advertiser Williamsburg Mobile Marine, was making anything like that. Now I have just learned that FATSCO is still in business, though on a small scale, and that they have a broad line of cast iron stoves/heaters all well suited to boats. Their prices are very fair and on the phone they sound like nice people to deal with. They will even sell you the parts to assemble yourself at a considerable saving. They are: FATSCO, 5660 No. 7 Road, Mesick, MI 49688.

Brooke Elgie, Elma, WA

Information Please...

Tall Ship Programs

My daughter would like to spend her senior year of high school on something like a Tall Ship. Dad of course wishes he had done that, so is very supportive of her dream! If any of your readers know of a good program aboard a Tall Ship, would they please contact me.

Would anyone like to buy a Trimaran? See the classified section.

Steve Titcomb, RR1 Box 2592, Blue Hill, ME 04614, (207) 374-2315, <sttitcomb@acadia.net>

Sliding Mast Step

A friend told me recently of some of his ideas for his dreamboat project. Amongst them he wants the mast step to slide forward on the deck to the bow so the mast can then be leaned back for trailering. I couldn't think of a specific article in your past issues about anything like this. Do Dutch canal boats use a rig like this? I was wondering if any readers might know of any sort of hinge and track mast step arrangement such as this?

Howard P. Johnson, Jr., 15200 Mt. Calvert Rd., Upper Marlboro, MD 20772-9619

Opinions...

Seductive Sailboats

I recently visited the "Curves" small boat exhibition at the Peabody-Essex Museum in Salem, Massachusetts and copied off the following E.B. White quote as I felt readers might identify with it:

"A small sailing craft is not only beautiful, it is seductive and full of strange promise and a hint of trouble. If it happens to be an auxiliary cruising boat, it is without question the most compact and ingenious arrangement

for living ever devised by the restless mind of man, a home that is stable without being stationary, shaped less like a box than like a fish or a bird or a girl, and in which the homeowner can remove his daily affairs as far from shore as he has the nerve to take them, close hauled or running free, parlor, bedroom and bath, suspended and alive.

It is small wonder that men hold boats in the secret place of their mind, almost from the cradle to the grave." (E. B. White, 1977, *The Sea and the Wind that Blows*).

Dick Besse, Skaneateles, NY

Other Human Powered Propulsion

I'm moved to comment on your April 15 Commentary on human powered small boat propulsion. I was heavily into this about 20 years ago. At that time famed Bill Garden was involved in some Pacific Northwest contest (see *Yacht Designs!*) and the fastest participant was some aged Britisher in his dugout canoe with a fixed seat. This last is of interest as I wonder if the change in CG affecting fore and aft pitching isn't a great neutralizer.

The minimum-width oars of the currach are a mystery to me also. I tried various models standardized in Finland with poor results. Conversely, read some years ago about the British Thames/Henley events with the German crews rowing away with super-width oars. Perhaps this has to do with boat speed harmonious with oar design. Overall I'd think the historic oar design has great tip and aspect ratio losses.

Believe the last I read about water Vmax was MIT's Mark Drela with his hull supporting a bike and hydrofoils, doing something like 12-14mph. I only know of Drela, but Dave Wilson of the Human Powered Vehicle Association might be much better acquainted due to MIT's human powered airplane experimenting.

After a zillion hours rowing my 14'x 4' and 16'x 3' fiberglass Whitehalls it occurred to me how important wind eddies in the long open cavities fore and aft affect air resistance. A light tarp would improve these aerodynamics and also prevent dollops of cold and messy water coming aboard.

Norm Benedict, Santa Maria, CA.

That Magellan Challenge

I was intrigued by Jim Betts' Magellan Challenge, not as a race but as showing what might be possible in a small power boat. Since I run a small diesel powered fishing boat in Alaska (shown in the January 1, 1992 issue), I made comparisons.

The speed/range projections seem drastically optimistic. Digging out my 1st edition of *Voyaging Under Power* and doing a few calculations showed me that about 6 knots, for a range of 3,500 miles on 170 gallons of fuel, would mean operating at a little under 5hp. Will 5hp push the Pazapa at near 6 knots in average sea conditions?

I find with my boat that I exceed the theoretical fuel consumption, probably because of wind and sea conditions, not much being required to slow a small boat. No worry, really, for the Magellan Challenge since there is that shorter first leg in the winter to sort things out.

Lynn Fabian, Great falls, MT

Negative Flotation PFDs

Robb White's Guest Commentary in the May 1 issue on the USCG's PFDs is superb! It should be widely reprinted and used as the basis of an effective letter writing campaign.

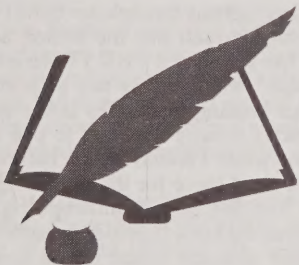
When I started to go to sea the Coast Guard was a respected presence afloat doing useful and admirable things with aids to navigation and search and rescue. When Congress started to give them more and more regulatory and police powers, a different approach to nautical problems changed a once good outfit into people, we hid from rather than called for help.

I can recall taking down my radar reflector in decent weather hoping that the USCG wouldn't see me after they came too close to disabling my vessel with their ridiculously inept boarding procedure while on drug patrol.

One good result of this type of "help" is to make good seamen much more self-reliant and less apt to request assistance. Of course, the incompetents afloat have proliferated and the government now uses their horrible example to try to justify more and more regulations. It's a spiral feeding upon itself and going in the wrong direction.

Negative flotation vests for operators of overpowered craft is an inspired way to reverse this spiral. Lead vests are easily available from the people who supply them to X-ray technicians. I'd be eager to contribute to a fund to supply them to operators of overpowered craft made poor by the recent increase in the price of fuel.

Dick Newick, Kittery Point, ME.



Poets Corner...

The Launching

The dust had been scourged and maimed.
The pile on the rugs stood proud,
And the silver brightly proclaimed
What the equinox birds sung aloud.

All chores behind him, he pondered
On the infinite scheme of the thing
And he said to himself, "by gawd,
It's time for a launching this spring."

So off came the cover and wrappings.
The trailer got grease and some air.
The bottom got paint, the topsides complaint,
And the rest was in order and fair.

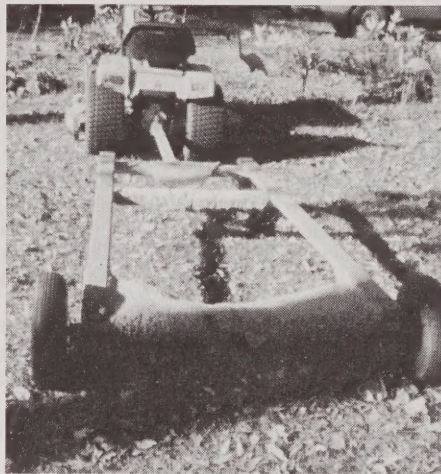
And off went the catboat so dainty
Behind the Buick so proud.
"I'm really too good for this service,"
Said the V-8 so powerful and loud.

Projects...

Lite Small Boat Trailer

I had four things in mind before I started to build this trailer: Simple to build; store inside; easy off and on; uphill tow by lawn tractor. Hanging in my garage are a 16' Bolger dory, a 14' Oxnard, and a 16' 6 hour canoe, sharing the space with two cars. I flip the trailer on its side up against an outside wall, lashing it wheels towards the rear of the garage. It fits flat against the wall. Riding it uphill boat in tow is nice.

William Struve, 8414 Riverway Dr., Cary, IL 60013-3070



The Buick said "Hmph" and the catboat said "ah!"
And they went where the water met land.
And a bonding developed between boat and car
And they backed into place as planned.

What happened next it's hard to explain
By the owner and lord of this pair.
But the upshot was sure and the reasoning pure.
In the harbor the twosome were there!

The catboat was bobbing; the Buick displayed
An ever expanding oil slick.
The owner, his heartbeat double the norm
Yelled and cursed and got sick.

So the moral, my friends to this happy event
Is to watch the progress of things.
If your stupid car gets too chummy by far
With a sailboat, you're gonna get zings.

Stephen N. Bobo, November, 1995 (reminiscing about a launching at which my good friend, Bob Hubbell presided some years ago).

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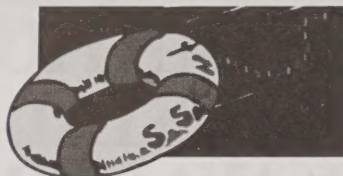
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Small Boat SAFETY



Tom Shaw

Be Prepared

When I am doing Vessel Safety Checks at local boat ramps I always carry a small can of WD 40 which, 99% of the time, is used for plug-in stern light wands which have collected a little rust and can readily be made to work properly. The 100th need for WD 40 was today, the first really nice day of spring here in southeastern North Carolina.

I approached a boat at the ramp and, since she was elderly, asked when she was built. The answer was 1988, but this was the first year for her new owner who had bought her last fall. We went through the VSC list and everything was in order save for the stern light wand

that has been left at home, so I gave the skipper a check sheet with that one failure marked and suggested that next time he show it to whatever examiner was on duty and receive his decal..

That should have been the end of it so I went on to check another boat only to find, some 20 minutes later that the 1988 vessel was still at the dock. When her skipper turned the starter switch there was a series of grunts but the engine did not fire.

I am no mechanic, but my first thought was a low baltery so I suggested he get out his manual pull cord and give her a turn. He did,

indeed, have a pull cord, but it was a 1988 edition and snapped at the first pull. It was at this point at I learned that the skipper and his wife had finally arranged to have the same day off and to get a sitter for their two small children and had truly counted on a day together on the water.

The skipper pulled his boat out and went to a parking area to try to work on the engine. After another 20 minutes I joined him. It seemed that the gear from the electric starter would not disengage from the flywheel so no matter how he pulled with a borrowed starter cord he could not get a significant spin of the engine, hence no start. Not knowing what else I could do, but having great sympathy for this couple whose long planned day was being ruined, I got out my can of WD 40 and sprayed liberally. We waited some 15 minutes and hit the starter switch again. This time the engine spun more freely. Another spraying, another wait, another turn of the switch and the engine fired. The boat was re-launched and a very happy couple set off to enjoy a lovely spring day.

There are some morals to this true story. First, always check the boat's motor and gear before you set out from home. Second, always carry a can of WD 40 in your tool kit. While it does not solve all problems, it does solve a lot of them. Third, if you have a problem and there is a Coast Guard Auxiliarist nearby, speak to him. He just might be able to help.

Crossing America By Water

By Dan Vollmer
POA Publishing, PO Box 985
Veradale, WA 99037-0985
\$22.95 incl. P & H.

Reviewed by Bob Simmons

This book describes the water travels of the author and wife Marilyn in extensive vacation trips during summers of '88, '89 and '91, attempting to put in enough east-west distances to connect or overlap lines of longitude from one body of water to another.

Tricky concept? An example may help. Portland, Oregon and Anacortes, Washington lie at the same longitude, so a trip on the Columbia going no farther west than Portland, followed by one going westerly through the San Juans from Anacortes would "connect the lines of longitude".

Vollmer travels on ten bodies of water in the western part, mainly motoring back and forth, sailing a little aboard a Com-Pac 23. Additionally a small outboard skiff, a Grand



Book Reviews

Canyon outboard dude cruiser banana boat, and oared rafts on the Main Salmon River get into the picture. The various individual outings each comprise from one day to about a week water time. And, unreported road time from an unrevealed northern Idaho base.

Over on the upper Missouri they get the Com-Pac onto the five reservoirs from Yankton up to Fort Peck, but find the water levels way low and the shoal keel sailboat not a suitable craft for that job. That's it. San Juans to Nebraska, with gaps. That's as far as they get "Crossing America by Water".

I betcha in real life the Vollmers have a lot more fun than we can find on these pages, and their story could have been helped with greater clarity and more lively editing.

About halfway through this book I repeatedly assured myself that the author, now the host of the successful PBS TV series "This Old House" would likely not be publishing additional boating chronicles in the near future! One is usually reluctant to pan a good effort, and while Thomas clearly believes he's written a good piece for the sailing community and the social anthropologists of Micronesia, the book fails to engage the reader. The reader wonders where it's all going and by the end realizes, well, almost nowhere.

Here's the likely problem. Thomas has written a book that is part personal narrative (ie: "A young man coming of age."), part chronicle of the people and lifestyle of Satawal, Caroline Islands, and part study of a traditional navigational method. The mix is not a good one.

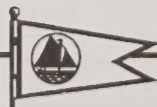
One reads of ambivalence on the part of Mau Pailug, Thomas' host on Satawal, who was engaged to teach Thomas the traditional methods of navigation used by the peoples of Oceania; to navigate by the currents, the birds, the star courses, and other natural features, without instrumentation. However his hosts were often absent, or too engaged in the local fermentation product. So Thomas often was not happy and soon neither is the reader.

The book has extensive appendices that include glossaries of Satawal terms for navigational aids (sea animal names, birds, stars, islands, etc.) and plenty of sighting diagrams. I would want to read this book before launching my outrigger in and around Micronesia, it does preserve a fading navigational method. But I'd rather not have this dissertation as my cruising reading on my next Carolina voyage. It's difficult to enjoy *The Last Navigator*, well intentioned as it might be.

The Last Navigator

By Steve Thomas
International Marine
Ragged Mountain Press, 1997

Reviewed by Eric Miller



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Some of the Happiest Years of My Life

By Howard Richman Hannold

When I was a teenager our family moved to Camden, New Jersey. At that time I would define Camden as an industrial city of hard working citizens willing to work at whatever job they could obtain. There was a fellow there by the name of Bernie Sharpe who was building a small boat in his garage. This operation attracted the boys in the neighborhood. Interest grew to the point that Bernie founded a sailing club called the Corinthian Sailing Club of Camden. At that point the club had no assets and meetings were held in Bernie's house with his wife providing refreshments.

These were depression years and money was scarce. None of our members were boatbuilders with the exception of Bernard J. Tool, Jr. who was an apprentice at Mathis Yacht Company in Camden, and even then Bernard was an excellent craftsman. As a matter of interest it was the Mathis company that later became Trumpy, which relocated to Annapolis, Maryland. The other person of talent was, of course, Bernie Sharpe.

Behind Petty's Island on the Delaware River at 25th Street and the river was the long since obsolete Camden Water Works. An organization by the name of the Farragut Sportsmen's Association leased these premises. They were having a tough time as well. Some members were living on their boats twelve months a year which obviously included the period when they were hauled out for the winter.

I was fourteen years old in 1930 and the other teenagers in our sailing club were plus or minus around the same age. We approached Farragut and their members agreed to let us have free access to their property and later we were allowed to use their facilities when we had a regatta.

Next to the Farragut property was a very interesting graveyard of old barges, lighters, a couple of sunken Howlett tug boats and a couple of sunken oyster schooners. During the depression years people cut these barges down to the waterline or firewood. Then there were pile driving firms such as Vaughan, who drove piles in the maintenance of the Pennsylvania Railroad ferries that, at the time, ran between Philadelphia and Camden. These pile driving firms would cut the barge bottoms into sections. The sections would have sides about two feet high and would be open ended. They were used to float piling to various job sites.

We of the Corinthian Sailing Club of Camden obtained one of these sections and, under the guidance of Bernie Sharpe, built our club house and moored it to some old pilings and one of the wrecks.

We kids taught ourselves the art of boat building and we built every boat in our fleet except for two outboards owned by two of our members. Eventually every member had a boat of some sort. The fleet included two Olympic Monotype catboats, one Snipe, three Comets, two boats called Wing Sr. and Wing, Jr. designed by Bernie Sharpe, a 16' sneakbox, a 21' William Atkin designed sailboat, etc. Neither of the two Olympic Monotypes had a hollow mast and I must admit mine had three inches additional freeboard having been built for comfortable day sailing.

The members of Farragut were very friendly and helpful. As usual there were certain people who remained more firmly in my memory. One was Joseph Campbell who always called me Jack. He was well liked by everyone. During the depression years he was engaged by a group of fellows from RCA Victor to rebuild a partially burned out yacht that once belonged to Pearl White, an old time movie star. It is interesting to note that his son Joseph Campbell, Jr. is today, and has been for some years, President in Perpetuity of Farragut. Farragut has this office in addition to the usual yacht club officers.

Two other favorites were Captain Swing who, among many other things, handled all the Farragut moorings and ours as well and Paul who handled Captain Swing's gas barge. Paul had a bad leg having been injured when

he was an employee of a circus.

We really did mess about in boats. We sailed to all kinds of places like Camden to Trenton and all points in between, also south to the Navy Yard and all points in between. One of the things we really enjoyed was exploring old wrecks of old wooden schooners left to rot at a Delaware River pier at Mifflin Street in Philadelphia.

Our club did not survive World War II after most of the members went into the service. Those were some of the happiest years of my life and in my search for plans to build a duplicate of my Olympic Monotype, a friend of mine who is a member of the New York Yacht Club, suggested we visit their library and see what we could find. The librarian asked where we thought we should start to look. I suggested the 1932 issue of *Rudder* magazine. He gave us the issue to look at and on one of the pages we found the lines.

I have continued to sail these many years and currently have a forty-one foot sloop in Annapolis, Maryland.



Our Corinthian Yacht Clubhouse under construction on a salvaged barge.

The club fleet gathered around the completed clubhouse.





My Olympic Monotype with 3" added freeboard for comfortable daysailing.

The Olympic Monotype From *The Rudder* Magazine

This 12 footer is the one-design cat which will be the official monotype in the Olympic Games racing on the west coast this season. She was developed from the Snow Bird class boat by Edson Schock of Los Angeles, and while she has a hollow mast, has been lengthened on the mast two feet and cut off on the boom somewhat, she still retains most of the Snow Bird characteristics.

The sail area is about 95 square feet.

The Snow Birds have been popular on the west coast for some time, and it is quite fitting that the first of the new boats of the Monotype class should have been brought out by Owen Churchill of the California Yacht Club. The Monotype has spread to the east, however, and several are being built by W.W. Wood, Jr., of Huntington, Long Island. The first of Mr. wood's boats appeared in one of the Frostbite races at the New Rochelle Yacht Club.

1932 Olympic Monotype Plans

Earlier this year I ran a classified ad inquiring for plans for the Olympic 12' Monotype Catboat which we had built and used back in the '30s in our sailing fleet at Camden. While the ad did not produce a source for these plans it did elicit this very nice letter from Harry Davis of Santa Barbara, California, a marine surveyor and consultant:

"1932 was a Depression year! The Olympics, particularly the '32 Olympic Yachting Program, were strapped for finances. There was little money for a class of one-man sailboats. The problem was presented to Mr. D.M. Callis, perceived dean of naval architects on the Pacific Coast at the time.

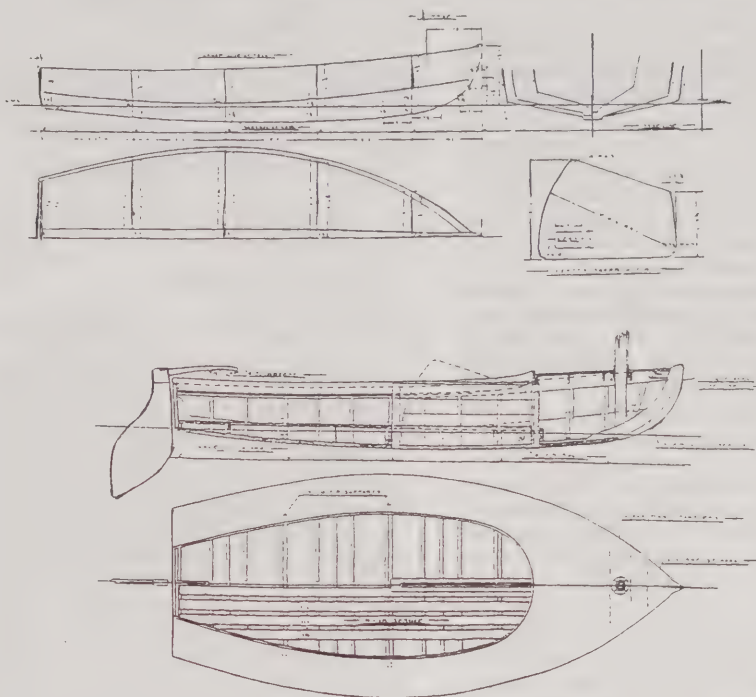
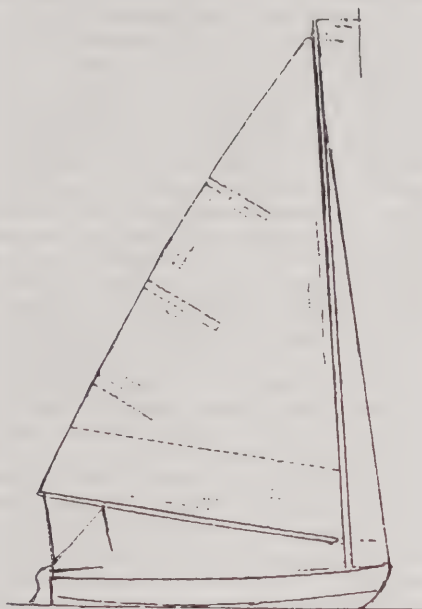
Mr. Callis used the Snowbird, which was

the most popular small catboat in Southern California at the time. Sponsored by the Balboa Yacht Club and Newport Yacht Clubs, races were held regularly by both clubs during the summer season. The Flight of the Snowbirds was a one time annual race that drew up to 175 boats in the late 1940s.

Mr. Callis redesigned the Snowbird's rigging. He shortened the boom and heightened the mast to give this boat a higher aspect ratio. He also moved the center of effort forward. This modified the weather helm in stiff breezes and improved the sailing qualities. The mast, however, was hollow spruce and only twenty or so of these rigs were built. The change was never adopted by the Snowbird class because

Left, top to bottom:

A break in the construction with some of my pals (I am at the right).
Two men we greatly revered, Captain Swing (at right) who handled all the Farragut moorings as well as ours, and Paul, who handled Captain Swing's gas barge.
Two of the abandoned schooners we enjoyed exploring at the Delaware River pier at Mifflin Street in Philadelphia.



of cost. Owners of the boats loaned for the Olympics were given sails and rigs.

I had the privilege of representing the Long Beach Yacht Club in the U.S.A. monotype eliminations. Southern California was represented by eight yacht clubs. We raced in the ocean, taking two days to do eight races, round robin, with the original Snowbird rig as the new rigs were saved for the international races.

At age sixteen, I was the youngest com-

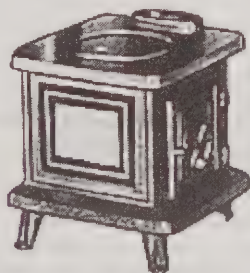
petitor and ended up third, due to one disqualification. A 21 year old Star boat skipper was the U.S. Representative. I believe France won the title. Europe was ahead of us in small boat racing at that time.

Inquiry this morning brought the response that the Flight of the Snowbirds is now

raced in Lasers, a small fiberglass boat. *Small Boat Journal* had files. *The Rudder* magazine's date back to 1915. I wouldn't be surprised if *WoodenBoat* or *SEA* magazines have similar files.

I wish you luck. The Snowbird was a great little boat."

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Thursday, December 26, 1974: I am down to the boat yard at 7:30am. The temperature has been down in the low twenties for about three days. Sheet ice is forming on Barnegat Bay every morning now and starting to freeze solid in the coves and estuaries. I would like to stay another two weeks to finish some odds and ends, but I am afraid of being frozen in solid. Broke up the ice around the yard with a small skiff, and left Beaton's Boat Yard, Mantaloking, New Jersey, for Point Pleasant, New Jersey (Manasquan Inlet), only a few miles away from home.

Friday, December 27, 1974: Checked boat at high and low tides in its temporary slip. Had to adjust bow and stern spring lines as there is a 5-1/2' tide drop here, as opposed to 2' at Beaton's. Experienced difficulty climbing up the ladder at low tide. I guess my injured arm has not returned to its old self as I had expected.

Saturday, December 28, 1974: Installed borrowed chemical head. Wind is southwest at 10-12 knots, seas 2'-3'. Extremely mild, and a nice day for a sail offshore to check out the boat for the third time. Everything working satisfactorily.

Sunday, December 29, 1974: Lazy day again, and very mild. Just hanging around the dock and co-op, drinking beer and talking to the local commercial fishermen about today's fishing, the Russians, the 200-mile limit, and how it used to be when I was commercial before I found a day land job (Note: Some might think I am retired or have one hell of a good job with all the time I spend working on boats and sailing; the secret is, I work nights.)

Monday through Friday, December 30 - January 3, 1975: Daily trips to the boat to do little things and bring down small items. My God, if I ever had a checklist, it would be 13 miles long.

Saturday, January 4, 1975: Planned sail offshore with co-workers. Six were to come on aboard, but only two hardy souls showed. Wind west 10 knots, seas flat inshore, many private boats out today. Around 2pm, the winds swing around to north and increase in velocity to 17-18 knots, steady. Excellent romp home. We're the only sail out. Sailed all the way into the inlet, to the delight of many shutterbugs on the jetty. Rounded up behind the Coast Guard station.

Sunday through Friday, January 5, 1975 - January 10, 1975: Load supplies, contact friends along the way where stops are planned, for this is to be a single-handed run. Estimate I should be gone a little over a month.

Saturday, January 11, 1975: 7am: Departure date. All fuel, water, food, spare parts, etc. aboard. A fine day predicted. Walk over to the Coast Guard Station, and give them my destination and ETA for this date. Ask them to have their other stations along my way check as we go by. Agree to check in upon arrival at our destination this evening.

7:45am: Wind southeast 15 knots, temperature 44. Feel the wind is rather strong for this time in the morning so tuck in one reef. Then make sail and am on my way. Mystic here I come! Less than one-half hour out and my arm is giving me trouble as we go clipping along very smartly at 6-1/2knots. Arm seems to be getting worse, but it will go away. Tie the wheel and go below and take a couple of Darvon.

9am: Medication does not seem to be taking effect. The agony forces a decision on me

Do*Me Sails 200 Miles Part II: The Trip Log To The January 1975 Annual Catboat Association Meeting

By Robert L. Reddington



to pull into the Shark River at Belmar. Rounding up and lowering sail produces excruciating pain. My left arm is almost useless. I tie up at the first empty slip I find at the Belmar Marine Basin and go call my wife to come pick me up. It is 11:30am. Besides hurting so bad, I am rather disappointed that all my preparations might go by the boards and this trip will have to be given up. Call the Coast Guard and let them know that I am in and driving home with my wife. Total distance is only 7-1/2 miles. Make doctor's appointment for 4:30pm; X-rays and examination indicate a pulled ligament. This ends the possibility of going alone.

January 12, 1975 through January 16, 1975: The rest of the week is spent resting and trying to find someone to go with me to Mystic (a hell of a way to be wasting my precious vacation time). The response is outstanding. I have half a dozen volunteers who want to accompany me. We are set to leave Saturday, January 18, 1975. There will be four of us Saturday and Sunday and from then on two, Dane Martindale and me. The crew for the weekend will be Mike Rogers, Walt Martin, Dane Martindale, and myself.

Saturday, January 18, 1975: 7:30m: All crewmembers arrive on time. Wind southwest 20 knots, gusting to 26-27 knots, temperature 46 degrees, sunny, bright morning, wind velocity predicted to drop by midmorning. I instruct crew to make a large pot of hot coffee,

tie in three reefs (each one separate from the other) and take in all dock lines except a bow and stem line. They are to do this while I go check out with the Coast Guard and give them our destination and ETA. We clear Shark River Inlet by 8:20am. Seas are rather steep. Decide to run out to the bell buoy before making sail.

Mistake #1: Not checking reef before leaving dock. I have a line that secures the gaff throat to a cleat to prevent the gaff from riding up the mast. This is still secured. I am going to have to send someone forward to let it loose before we can make sail. Mike and Dane to do this together, one to let it loose, and the other for safety backup. The bow has already been buried a few times, making the foredeck risky. The line is freed and everybody safely back in the cockpit. We haul sail and head up the coast for Atlantic Highlands. Even though the prediction is for less wind, we have lifelines rigged around the boat and have as many things as possible secured below.

Mistake #2: Everybody is wet within the first twenty minutes. It seemed too nice to start with foul weather gear. Everybody has gone below and changed into dry clothes and foul weather gear. The wind is blowing the tops off the waves and has shifted more to south than west. We are on a dead run and really moving out. Seas and wind building. Alert crew to a possible jibe, particularly when down in the hollows. The end of the main boom is tripping and almost cutting our speed in half. Try getting it up out of the water in the rolls with the topping lift, but she still trips, lifts, snaps the topping lift taut and shudders the rigging. Adjust the topping lift to a compromise between tripping and snapping.

We are trying to run up the coast, but are slowly being blown offshore. We try pinching her up for a couple hundred yards in the puffs, then loosening it all back in a southwest wind that will neither let up nor let us get inshore. Anyone who has sailed a cat in heavy weather knows what I am talking about.

I dare not put too much strain on the rudder and tiller at this time. This is neither the time nor the place to have to make any kind of steering repairs, even though the rudder was replaced by Charlie DeWalt about nine years ago. The tiller was replaced by Pop Beaton two years ago. Pop is one of the old time craftsmen who patiently sorts through a pile of lumber looking for the right piece for each job. He had cut and fit three tillers and discarded the first two as unsatisfactory to his standards. Pop and I both know that this piece from the quadrant to the rudder has caused many problems for catboaters. Over the years, I've had two of them break on me and do not want a third. Today, I feel a breakdown in steering would be grounds to radio for assistance. This is something I have never had to do in all my years of boating.

Do*Me's helm is eased and the crew is informed of a change in course. Because of the wind, seas, and the weather helm characteristic of a catboat under these conditions, we are forced to run off our course and the sight of land quickly disappears. The crew becomes alarmed enough for me to establish radio contact with the Coast Guard, telling them of our situation and new destination. Advised to check in by radio every fifteen minutes. Acknowledged. Unknown to us, we have been sighted by two freighters bound from New York. These ships had been burying their bows in troughs that were almost vertical, worked

up by the permanent southwesterly that refuses to quit. The sun has long gone, to be replaced with a dull haze. Visibility still remains good. Disaster is a fraction of a second away on a bad decision.

We must revert to mistake #1, about not checking the reef. It seems the third reef was not tied under the bolt rope, but rather under the lacing line. The reef point tie-ties, being on the thin side, had chafed through the lacing line in two places on the end of the main boom. Also, the outhaul has started to work loose, threatening to cause a chain reaction and rip the rest of the tie-ties on the third reef along with the rest of the lacing line. This would leave a loose-footed sail if the outhaul holds on the second reef. We don't need more sail now; we need less.

Mike had asked me early if we were going to take the sail in because of the tremendous speed at which we were traveling. Believe it or not, we were traveling in excess of 10 knots most of the time under triple reef. I have a speedometer that goes to 8 knots. This would run right over the gauge and, if you judged by the graduations on the scale, we were traveling at 10 to 12 knots, until the thing blew apart as we were surfing down the face of a wave with about 300' of line trailing astern.

Dane had been watching the speedometer just before she blew and had caught one piece as high as 3' in the air. He said, "it had completely doubled itself, before it flew apart." Using a rule of thumb, theoretically the boat speed, the square root of water line multiplied by 1.50 only comes to 7.5 knots for a 25' boat. This makes it mathematically impossible for my boat or any other catboat to obtain the speeds we reached. The speedometer had been checked many times and I know it to be correct. The distance we traveled in the amount of time elapsed clearly points to an overall average in excess of 10 knots. How fast we were traveling during that two-hour petrifying period, when all crew members admitted to being scared, can only be conjectured. Dane, who has sailed the southern ocean circuit, had never been in anything like this in his life. Walt, who had sailed extensively in the Pacific, made the same comment.

Back to the answer to Mike about taking the sail off and our near disaster. With the confused seas and the velocity of the wind, it would be dangerous to try to take in the sail unless absolutely necessary. *Do*Me's* sail was up there to stay until one of three possibilities arose. One, the wind dropped; two, the wind changed direction; and three, the sail blew out, which looked as if it was about to happen with the reef coming out.

Here we go! I tell the crew of my decision to try to do something about this sail that is starting to flog itself to death. Already all batten pockets have ripped out, the battens are gone. Six reef points are out now, but the outhaul is still holding. If we can only secure the outhaul, we should be O.K. We check the bilges, double check the life preservers and life lines, then start up Mr. Palmer. He fires on the first shot. We put her in gear and slowly bring her head-to-wind to bring the boom over the cockpit. We are doing fine so far. Soon we have three reef points under the bolt rope; we can do nothing with the lacing line or the outhaul.

Then it happened! The lines we were trailing, to slow our speed and give us some

control, fouled the prop and stalled Mr. Palmer. You must close your eyes to picture the next happenings. It was like riding a pogo stick when we had power to give us momentum forward, but we could not get her around on the starboard tack. Then the prop fouled and we were powerless. Now mind, this all takes place in a few minutes. We are being tossed about so violently that the boat is like a kernel of corn in a giant popcorn machine. The ocean does everything to us except turn us turtle. The first wave runs over us, a second and a third wave almost lay us over and put us up broadside.

I never want to be over that far again on a catboat or any other boat. I thought that our time had come. With the next waves, we make a complete turn. As the wind catches the sail, I almost pull an "Ahab", only prevented by Mike and Dane who held the main sheet with super human strength while I untangled my leg. With them holding the main, that enabled us to put the *Do*Me* back sailing again on the same tack and direction as before.

It takes a few moments to get our wits about us and then our nervous systems take over. No one had to be told what to do for everywhere you look is chaos. Gas cans, lumber, propane bottles, lines all over the deck, the starboard seat ripped loose, two life preservers and the boat pole over the side. Down below, it looked as if some kids had shaken up jacks and then thrown them down violently. It takes a while to get some semblance of order and to size up our next move.

But something troubles me. Steering is good despite the fouled prop, but we are making too much leeway. I secretly suspect that we have lost our centerboard. After checking out, we find the centerboard stuck in the trunk, at least the top half anyway. No amount of pushing down with a 1" x 3" will dislodge it. We still do not know how much board we have, if any. Leeway continues! To clear the prop, we run off until the boat has its easiest motion. I am held upside down over the stern and find it is relatively easy to clear. Wetness or cold does not bother any of us during this critical period.

We believe we have figured out the mystery of the centerboard. We think, when we were being tossed like a salad, some of the line that fouled the prop had gotten into the centerboard trunk when we turned. Then when we were thrown up on our beam ends, the centerboard was slammed home along with some of the line, jamming it tight. After the line was untangled from the prop, it was still fouled forward. It was led around the coaming and stopped at about the after end of the centerboard trunk. With a few good heaves, it came free and the board went down.

After we had gotten squared away, I had wondered about those moments of terror, wondered if anything that produced such terrible fear could be worth doing.

We are approaching Jones Inlet. We see the New York pilot boat bobbing on station, burying half her length every fifth or sixth wave. I raise Short Beach Coast Guard Station on the radio and ask for conditions. We are advised to stay off Jones Inlet for a couple of hours as the outgoing tide and the southwesterly have created a dangerous situation. They have already made one trip today to escort a dragger that was having engine trouble.

Shortly after, we get rain. It flattens the ocean a little. We also get a lull, so with Mr.

Palmer's help, we are able to get over on the other tack. This is a great relief. As we were going, we might have ended up at Shinnecock or Montauk before touching land again. On this new tack, we can get into New York or run up Raritan Bay to Great Kills. We notify Short Beach. The operator there thanks us (it seemed with relief). The velocity of the wind is dropping and the crests are getting further apart. It is still raining however, there still remains one more experience. If this were the only thing that had happened to us, it would have been frightening, but after the rest of today's events, it was tossed aside as nothing.

We are crossing the outer bar parallel to East Rockaway. An extra large sea picks us up and we slide down the face broadside. We have some water dumped into the cockpit, but that is the extent of it.

Once we are around Rockaway, it is a whole new ball game. The rain has stopped. The sun is out. It is actually getting warm. The ocean has calmed down considerably and the wind, that was predicted to drop in the late morning, is rapidly diminishing. We sail under the Verazzano Bridge. Then we drop sail and motor up New York Bay and the East River to the South Street Seaport Museum. We are given the most gratifying hospitality anyone, anywhere could expect, including the use of showers, washer, dryer, and the complete use of their shops and ship's chandler to make any repairs deemed necessary. We call the Coast Guard by phone because the radio is out. We also call Mike's wife and ask her to pick up the entire crew, for we have all had it.

Dane and I will return Monday, so we secure *Do*Me* while waiting. We replace the lacing line on the main boom and go over that on the gaff. We take care of tie-ties and outhaul of the third reef. We clean up *Do*Me* and make her ship shape in Bristol fashion; after all she will be on display the rest of today and all day Sunday. The sail has never had such a harbor furl in its life. We gather up all wet gear. We tour the museum. Our wives arrive. The gear and crew go in the station wagon and soon we are heading for home and good beds.

Later that night, we found out that the wind was gusting up to 65mph, the waves were 12'-13'. To us at sea, the wind had seemed like 100mph and the waves like 30-footers.

Sunday, January 19, 1975: All crewmembers meet at the firehouse (we are volunteer firemen) to discuss yesterday while shooting pool and drinking beer.

Monday, January 20, 1975: Dane Martindale and I catch the early train out of Bay Head to New York, then taxi over to South Street Seaport. We bestow two cases of beer on our benefactors for providing a safe dockage for *Do*Me*. Then we sit down with needle and palm to mend the batten pockets. Across the river is a building that flashes the time and temperature. The latter has been dropping all morning. By 2pm, when all repairs are done and we are ready to leave, the temperature stands at 12. Going up the East River, the wind mixed with sleet howls down the City's cement canyons dead on the bow.

Was it cold? Neither Dane nor I could spend more than five minutes on deck. Can you imagine being struck in the face by a porcupine, walking into a cactus, and having acupuncture done on your face all at the same time! Yes sirree bub! That was cold. Once through Hell Gate, and the Whitestone and Throg's Neck Bridges, we get into the lee of

North Bank, which cuts out 75% of the biting cold.

We decide to lay overnight at the old fire-boat station on Willets Point. We find they now have a police boat stationed there along with a small Coast Guard detachment. We are invited to their day room for chow, and offered warm bunks for the night. We show our appreciation with a case of beer. Over the years, I have found beer to be one of the better bartering agents.

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Tuesday, January 21, 1975: We leave a call with the Duty Officer for 6:30. Temperature 7, wind none. Destination Southport. Looks like Mr. Palmer has a job cut out for today. Had a hot breakfast compliments of the U. S. Coast Guard and shoved off at 8am. By the time we reach Execution Rocks, it is snowing lightly. All day we motor through the cold and wet. For a couple of hours, a hose is connected to Mr. Palmer's exhaust to keep *Do*Me* free of snow and ice. We pull into Southport at 3:30p., gas at the Pequot Yacht Club, and are offered electricity and dockage for the night. The shore liberty that night was terrific. We were befriended by a wealthy yachtsman, but that's another story in itself.

Wednesday, January 22, 1975: We get up very late because of last night's merriment. Even a cold shower will not clear this hang-over. We have a huge breakfast and retrieve our wet clothing from the dryer in the basement. We say our goodbyes and are presented with a bottle of blackberry brandy for medicinal use only. Destination: As far as we can get. Sunny bright morning, wind light out of west, temperature 25, we arrive at Clinton 7:30pm, before it gets dark. We pick Clinton as a stop-over because of its simplicity (all good water and few rocks). We boil up a pot of clam chowder (canned), fortify ourselves with spirits to ward off the cold, and turn in early, as we would like to make Mystic tomorrow. There's no reason why we can't.

Thursday, January 23, 1975: We leave Clinton early enough to catch the tide out so

we can ride the change at Fisher's Island Sound in and up the Mystic River. It is still bitter cold. In the last few days, anything above 25 has seemed like tropical weather. We arrive at Mystic around 3pm. Mr. Palmer all the way. Not enough breeze to raise sail. Snug down behind automobile agency just under the bridge. Hang out various items to dry. Furl sail and clean up *Do*Me*. Prepare to receive boarders. We have only been here less than an hour and have had many people inquiring: Where are we going? Where did we come from? How long have we been out? How was the weather? Then the most asked question, WHY? Into town for some good eats and spirits. The amount of spirits is determined by the temperature and the knowledge that we do not have to get up in the morning.

Friday, January 24, 1975: We bring *Do*Me* up to Seaport. Make arrangements to tie up as close to the Seamen's Inn as possible. Seeing that we have all day, we take *Do*Me* down to the shipyard and go over her running rigging taking every piece off of her, examining it inch by inch and then replacing it. Some other items of maintenance were taken care of too. Peter Vermilya and Maynard Bray were very helpful. In fact, everyone at the Seaport was extremely helpful and courteous.

We moved to a berth near the Seamen's Inn where *Do*Me* was found in the haze and drizzle by many of our members attending our annual meeting.

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Joel Flather, owner

For the rest of the trip the wind stayed in the S and SW which made the going quite rough. Pte. Noire and Pte. au Maquereau were beautiful, lonely and rough, and I welcomed the little well-protected harbor at Anse au Gascons for a lunch break. I was sorely tempted to stay, but mustered enough energy to poke my bow out between the narrow harbor breakwaters just to see how things were. They had not gotten much worse, so I went on, point to point to point until I was suddenly headed up into Port-Daniel, where Cartier had landed in 1534. I dipped my hat at the cross at the harbor entrance to commemorate the event, then rounded the entire bay, to end up just before Pte. de l'Ouest, West Point, which I would tackle the next morning.

After 8 hrs in the boat, I found a perfect level area high on the sea-wall, with a steep shore and trees behind it to give me some shade. A perfect spot to "celebrate" my 500 mile marker since Québec or 850 miles since Whitehall. I felt very accomplished, and my back was beginning to cooperate again.

The next morning was one long hitch to the SW, 16 miles right into the wind which was increasing to 20mph, gusting to 25. Paspébiac harbor was a welcome stop for lunch. It was a large fishing harbor which had seen better days. Most of the buildings on shore had been turned into an open-air museum commemorating former fishing greatness. I walked through the exhibits, stopped in the restaurant and was served by waitresses in historic costumes. What a nice touch. Then I was back in the saddle again, riding my bucking bronco due W towards Bonaventure point, but pulled out just short of it behind a breakwater at Sawyer point where I found a nice spot on the beach for the night.

I loved rounding Bonaventure Point early the next morning, because I felt I was on the home stretch. I was going NW now, all day, and getting into the last funnel of Chaleur Bay. At New Richmond on the Cascapédia river I had paddled another 25 miles and it was time to look for an appropriate place for the night. Point Duthie looked good on the map and had the only deep water near shore in the entire terribly shallow Cascapédia Bay. A tiny beach with some level ground behind it, even grass, seemed the perfect jump-off point for tomorrow's early hitch across the bay.

Later that afternoon some people came down to my campsite. We were both surprised to see each other. It turned out I had pulled out on the shore belonging to the Stanley House, the house former Governor Lord Stanley had built, much with his own hands. Which Stanley you ask? The Stanley who donated the coveted Stanley Cup in hockey.

I had to see that house, even if that meant jeopardizing my overnight camping spot. So I followed the thin trail through the woods up to the guest house and introduced my shabby, bearded self to the owners who, instead of chasing me off their property, gave me the grand tour of the entire house including the beautiful antique kitchen with all its original pots and pans, dishes, chinaware and wood stove. And then they wanted to see my set-up and boat. What genuine warm people the Le Blancs are. The three guests from NY seemed to enjoy themselves on the spacious veranda framed by gorgeous rose bushes. I felt transformed to an old British country estate for a moment before I returned to my humble abode and Hormel Chili with beans.

Paddling 'Round The Gaspé Peninsula Conclusion

By Reinhard Zollitsch

With a spectacular sunrise at my back, I crossed the bay early the next morning, hoping to get to the end of Chaleur Bay and the mouth of the Restigouche River at Dalhousie for the night, and I did. I did not quite have the guts, though, to cross the 5 mile Tracadigache Bay to Pte. aux Corbeaux (Raven Point), but I crossed it in two hitches, one from Pte. Tracadigache to Saint Omar, and then from there to Raven Point with the Dalhousie paper mill behind it belching white smoke into the sky. I am getting back to civilization, I thought.

Every Raven Point I rounded on this trip had ravens when I passed, and this point was no exception. Three ravens were giving an aerial ballet performance overhead, diving and rolling with the utmost of grace. I enjoyed watching them while the tide was slowly pushing me up the Restigouche River. But I could see that the stretch between this point and the next, Miguasha, looked as if it could get real rough, especially in an ebb tide with any easterly wind blowing against it. The shore looked gouged and scoured by ice and waves, several big eddies could form, and the river was awfully restricted here with big, often deep, bays holding lots of water above this bottleneck. I pulled out on a beach near the ferry dock to Dalhousie on the Miguasha side. Two more river days to Matapédia, unfortunately using a road map for navigation.

The fjord-like arm from here to Campbellton was a wonderful surprise, but was everything but a river in the New England sense. It was more of a string of large interconnected bays with a strong tidal flow. I followed the N shore from point to point, but one of the hops took me 2-1/4 hrs to do. That is a big hop for a tiny boat like mine, and of course the wind was picking up at that point. NW 20, right on the nose all the way to Campbellton.

I saw the lighthouse and the long, tall retainer wall on the left shore before it. There must be a nicely sheltered harbor with marina, phone and bathroom right around the corner, I thought. None of the above. By now the tide was ebbing, and the wind was blowing so hard that I could barely make it up the river to the town. The current along the retainer wall was so strong that I could not make any headway, but had to try my luck farther out in the river.

I finally made it to the huge bridge spanning the entire bay, still looking for the perfect take-out, because I had to get to a phone to arrange tomorrow's take-out in Matapédia. Then I saw what looked like an abandoned boat ramp, all broken up, totally unprotected from wind and current, ending up in a field of deep, black, oozing, sandal-eating mud. And more mud upriver as far as the eye could see. Like it or not, this was it. I took a mighty run and stopped close to the old ramp pavement. I jerked the boat out, unloaded and set up camp at the edge of the ramp above the high tide mark, but left the boat at the water's edge to be washed at a later stage of the tide, before I would portage it up to my tent.

All's well that ends well. I found a phone,

set up a pick-up for tomorrow, had one last Dinty Moore beef stew with canned fruit for dessert, coffee with creamer, leaving just enough of everything for one more day. Even my two loaves of bread lasted 24 days without turning into fuzzy bunnies that need to be stroked every morning, i.e. have the mold scraped off, which I remember quite vividly from my early sailing trips on the Baltic, North Sea and North Atlantic. (Two loaves of bread for 24 days? No wonder I lost 10lbs. that I didn't need to lose. Got to eat more next time.)

Another gorgeous sunrise sent me on my way up the river past Tide Head to Matapédia. It had never occurred to me that I might run out of water here, since the entire stretch to Matapédia looked more like an extension of Chaleur Bay than a shallow salmon stream, which it turned out to be.

It took me 5 hours to cover the 15 miles up-river. I had to get out and pull my boat about 20 times, slip-sliding and tripping on those slimy round river rocks which the salmon like so much. I was ready to pull out many times, but found no way to the road. Then I saw a fishing camp with a good 50 salmon boats, long wood-and-canvas canoes with outboards. It must be getting better I thought. If they can do it, I can, and I did, but barely.

I dragged my boat up the rapids to the tall route #134 bridge just before Matapédia, our rendez-vous place, but could not possibly take out there because of the steep banks. So I paddled, poled, waded and dragged on till I could see a motel sign. That must be the Restigouche Inn in Matapédia where Nancy had reserved a room for the night, before we would head home for Maine. It was.

This was it, it dawned on me, 1000 miles since Whitehall on Lake Champlain, 650 miles or 1000 kilometers since Québec; 37 days total, or 24 days since Québec. My longest trip ever and keeping up a 27 mile per day average for a 60 year old geezer, not bad I thought to myself. What a boat, what paddles and gear. Thank you Verlen Kruger, Eugene Jensen, Barton, Eureka, Thermarest, Goretex, Crazy Creek and many more for all the wonderful high-tech and affordable equipment. No, I have no sponsors; this is my heart-felt, sincere personal "thank-you" for your dedication and effort to make equipment better, lighter, stronger and user-friendlier.

While I was still unpacking my boat and washing it off, a reporter from the "Voice of the Restigouche", the Campbellton paper *The Tribune*, stopped by for a brief interview. I was stunned, but I learned the motel owners had phoned the paper. Minutes later Nancy showed up in our familiar looking VW Golf, right at the edge of the river where I had pulled out. Even the pick-up worked out perfectly. I was very glad to see her and very thankful for her strong support for my canoeing adventures.

Life was lovely at the Inn, a shower, dinner in the fancy restaurant (Restigouche salmon and fiddleheads), and a comfortable, soft and level bed. And while I was trying to unwind and fall asleep, my mind was already planning next year's trip: Maybe I'll go on along the New Brunswick shore to the Prince Edward Island bridge and finish my trip around the island. And then on towards Canso Strait between Cape Breton and Nova Scotia, and yes, I could even get back to Maine that way without a car shuttle. But at that time I was already in dreamland and don't know anymore where the trip was taking me.

This was my fifth visit to New Orleans, and walking through its quaint streets I observed many changes of an undesirable nature, the inevitable consequences of political misrule. As the past of the city loomed up before me, the various scenes of bloodshed, crime, and misery enacted, shifted like pictures in a panorama before my mind's eye. I saw far back in the distance an indomitable man, faint and discouraged, after the terrible sufferings of a winter at a bleak fort in the wilderness, drag his weary limbs to the spot where New Orleans now stands, and defiantly unfurling the flag of France, determined to establish the capital of Louisiana on the treacherous banks of the Mississippi. Such was Bienville, the hardy son of a Canadian father.

A little later we have the New Orleans of 1723. It is a low swamp, overgrown with ragged forests, and cut up into a thousand islands by ruts and pools of stagnant water. There is a small cleared space along the river's channel, but even this being only partly reclaimed from the surrounding marsh is often inundated. It is cut up into square patches, round each of which runs a ditch of black mud and refuse which, lying exposed to the rays of an almost tropical sun, sends forth unwholesome odors and invites pestilence.

There is a palisade around the city, and a great moat, and here, with the tall, green grasses growing up to their humble doors, live graceful ladies and noble gentlemen, representatives of that nation so famed for finesse of manner and stately grace. It is an odd picture, this rough doorway surrounded with reeds and swamps, mud and misery, and crowned with the beauty of a fair French maiden who steps daintily, with Parisian ease, upon the highway of the new world.

She is not, however, alone in her exile. Along the banks of the Mississippi, for miles beyond the city, stretch the fertile plantations of the representatives of aristocratic French families. The rich lands are worked by negro slaves who, fresh from the African coast, walk erect before their masters, being strangers to the abject, crouching gait which a century of slavery afterwards imposes upon them. No worship save the Catholic is allowed, and to remind the people of their duty, wooden crosses are erected on every side.

The next picture of New Orleans is in 1792. It has passed into other hands now, for the king of France has ceded it, with the territory of Louisiana, to his cousin of Spain and has, in fact, with a single stroke of the pen stripped himself of possessions extending from the mouth of the Mississippi to the St. Lawrence. The type of civilization is now changed, and we see things moving in the iron groove of Spanish bigotry. The very architecture changes with the new rule, and the houses seem grim and fortress-like, while the cadaverous-cheeked Spaniard stands in the gloom with his hand upon his sword, one of the 6,000 souls now within this ill-drained city. Successive Spanish governors hold their sway under the Spanish king; and then the Spaniard goes his way.

Spanish civilization cannot take so firm a hold in New Orleans as the French, and many privately pray for the old banner, until at last France herself determines to again possess her old territory. Spain, knowing opposition to be useless, and heartily sick of this distant colony, so hard to govern and so near the quarrelsome Americans who seem ready to fulfil their threat



Four Months In a Sneak-Box

By Nathaniel H. Bishop, 1879
(1837-1902)

Chapter 8 New Orleans

Bienville and the City of the Past
- French and Spanish Rule in the
New World - Louisiana Ceded to
the United States - Captain Eads
and His Jetties - Transportation
of Cereals to Europe - Charles
Morgan - Creole Types of Citi-
zens - Levees and Crawfish -
Drainage of the City into Lake
Pontchartrain

of taking New Orleans by force if their commercial interests are interfered with, yields a ready assent. The city becomes the property of Napoleon the Great, but hardly have the papers been signed when, in 1803, it is ceded to the United States. Half a generation later the conflicting national elements are settled into something like harmony, and the state of Louisiana has a population of 50,000 souls.

In 1812 war is declared between Great Britain and the United States. Soon after, General Andrew Jackson wins a victory over the English on the lowlands near New Orleans when, with the raw troops of the river states, he drives off and sends home 15,000 skilled British soldiers. Bowing his laurel-crowned head before the crowd assembled to do him honor, the brave American general receives the benediction of the venerable abbé, while his memory is kept ever fresh in the public mind by the grand equestrian statue which now stands a monument to his prowess.

But the New Orleans of today is not like any of these we have seen. The Crescent City has passed beyond the knowledge of even Jackson himself, and most startled would the

old general be could he now walk its busy streets. Rising steadily, though slowly, from the effects of the civil war, her position as a port insures a glorious future. Much, of course, depends upon the success of Captain Eads in keeping open a deep channel from the mouth of the Mississippi River to the Gulf of Mexico. This great river deposits a large amount of alluvium at its northeast, southeast, south, and southwest passes, which are the principal mouths of the Mississippi. When the light alluvium held in suspension in the fresh water of the river meets the denser briny water of the Gulf, it is precipitated to the bottom and builds up a shoal, or bar, upon which vessels drawing 16' of water in the deepest channel frequently stick fast for weeks at a time. In consequence of these bars, so frequently forming, deep seagoing vessels run the risk of most unprofitable delay in ascending the river to New Orleans.

Captain Eads, the projector of the great St. Louis bridge, which cost some seven or more millions of dollars, has succeeded, by narrowing and confining the river's current at the south pass by means of artificial jetties, in scouring out the channel from a depth of about 7' to one of more than 20'. Thus, the most shoal pass has already become the deepest entrance to the Mississippi. If the results of Captain Eads's most wonderful success can be maintained, New Orleans will be able to support a fleet of European steamers, while the cereals and cotton of the river basins tributary to New Orleans will be exported from that city directly to Europe instead of being subjected to a costly transportation by rail across the country to New York, Baltimore, and other Atlantic ports. Limited space forbids my presenting figures to support the theories of the people of New Orleans, but they are of the most interesting nature. A few words from an intelligent Kentuckian will express the views of many of the people of that state in regard to the system of transportation. He says:

"Nearly all the products of Kentucky have their prices determined by the cost of transportation to the great centres of population along the Atlantic seaboard or beyond the sea. Its tobacco, pork, grain, and some of the costlier woods, with other products, find their principal markets in Europe, while cattle, and to a certain extent the other agricultural products of the state, have their values determined by the cost of transportation to the American Atlantic markets. Hitherto this access to the domestic and foreign markets of the Atlantic shores has been had by way of the railway systems which traverse the region north of Kentucky, and from which the state has been divided by opposing interests and the physical barrier of the Ohio River. All the development of the state has taken place under these disadvantages.

"A comparison of costs will show that the complete opening of the mouth of the Mississippi to ocean ships will result in the enfranchisement of the productions of Kentucky in an extraordinary way. They are taken from published freight rates, and give time and cost of transit from St. Paul on the Mississippi, about 2,000 miles from New Orleans, to Liverpool by the two routes, one being by rail, lake, canal, and ocean, the other by river and ocean:

"Here is a saving by direct trade of 24¢ per bushel, or 8 shillings per quarter, and a saving of 21 days in time. To be fair, I have

taken the extreme point, but the nearer the grain is to the Gulf, the cheaper the transportation. At the present time the freight rates from the lower Ohio to Liverpool would permit the profitable shipment of the canal coal, and native woods of different species to Europe with one transshipment at New Orleans."

The gross receipts of cotton in New Orleans amount to 33-1/3% of the production of the entire country. In 1859-60 the receipts and exports of cotton from New Orleans exceeded 2-1/4 million bales, the value of which was over \$100 million dollars. In the season of 1871-72 the cotton crop amounted to 2,974,000 bales, one-third of which passed through New Orleans. A vast amount of other products, such as sugar, tobacco, flour, pork, etc. is received at New Orleans and sent abroad. Besides this export trade, New Orleans imports coffee, salt, sugar, iron, dry goods, and liquors, to the average yearly value of \$17 million.

In 1878, 247,424,000 bushels of grain were received at the Atlantic ports of the United States from the interior. This great bulk of grain represented a portion only of the cereals actually raised in the whole country. The largest portion of it was produced in the states tributary to the Mississippi River and its branches. This statement will give an idea of what might be saved to foreign consumers if a part of this great crop went down the natural waterway to New Orleans. In the same year, steamboats were freighting barrels of merchandise at 50¢ per barrel for 1,500 miles from New Orleans to upriver ports. This shows at what low rates freights can be transported on western rivers.

Each city has its representative men, and New Orleans has one who has done much to build up the great commercial and transportation interests of the Southwest. An unassuming man, destitute of means, went to the South many years ago. Uprightness in dealing with his fellow man, industry in business, and large and comprehensive views, marked his career. Step by step he fought his way up from a humble station in life to one of the grandest positions that has ever been attained by a self-made man. More than one state feels the results of his tireless energy and successful commercial schemes. He is now the sole proprietor of two railroads, and the owner of a magnificent fleet of steamers which unite the ports of New York and New Orleans with the long seaboard of Texas.

So skilfully has this man conducted the details of the great enterprises he has created, that during a term of many years not one human life has been lost upon sea or land by the mismanagement of any of his numerous agents. He is now past 80. But this remarkable man, with his tireless brain, goes persistently on, and within 14 months past contracted for the building of two fine iron steamers and nearly completed two more for ocean trade. A New Orleans paper asserts that within the same period "he has elevated his Louisiana Railroad bed along its route for 20 miles, above the highest watermark of overflows, and has converted a shallow bayou between Galveston and Houston, Texas, into a deep stream, navigable for his largest vessels. On these works he expended over \$2 million."

His shops for the construction of railroad stock and for the repairing of his steamships are in Louisiana, where he employs over 1,000 workmen. In compliment to the virtues of this

modest, energetic man, to whom the people of the Southwest owe so much, the citizens of Brashear, in the southwestern part of Louisiana, have changed the name of their town to Morgan City. May the last days of Charles Morgan be blessed with the happy consciousness that he deserves the reward of a well-spent life!

The winter climate of New Orleans is delightful, and many persons leave New England's cruel east winds to breathe its soft air and rejoice in its sunshine. These pale-faced invalids are strangely grouped in the quaint old streets with the peculiar people of the city, and add another to the many types already there. The New Orleans market furnishes, perhaps, the best opportunity for the ethnological student, for there strange motley groups are always to be found. Even the cries are in the quaint voices of a foreign city, and it seems almost impossible to imagine that one is in America.

We see the Sicilian fruit seller with his native dialect, the brisk French madame with her dainty stall, the mild-eyed Louisiana Indian woman with her sack of gumbo spread out before her, the fish dealer with his wooden bench and odd patois, the dark-haired creole lady with her servant gliding here and there, the old Spanish gentleman with the blood of Castile tingling in his veins, the graceful French dame in her becoming toilet, the Hebrew woman with her dark eyes and rich olive complexion, the pure Anglo-Saxon type, ever distinguishable from all others, and, swarming among them all, the irrepressible negro, him you find in every size, shape, and shade, from the tiny yellow pickaninny to his rotund and inky grandmother, from the lazy wharf ducky, half-clad in both mind and body, to the dignified colored policeman, who patrols with officious gravity the city streets, in freedom or slavery, north or south, in sunshine or out of it, ever the same easy, improvident race, ever the same gleaming teeth and ready "yes, sah, 'pon my word, sah" and ever the same tardiness to DO.

Leaving the busy, surging mass of humanity, each so eager to buy or sell, the visitor to New Orleans will find a great contrast of scene in the quiet cemeteries with their high walls of shelves, where the dead are laid away in closely cemented tombs built one over the other, all above the ground to be safe from the encroachment of water, the ever-pervading foe of New Orleans. Not only must the dead be stowed away above ground, but the living must wage a daily war against this insidious foe and watch with vigilance their levees.

Notwithstanding all that has been said in regard to the enervating effects of a southern climate, the inhabitants of the state of Louisiana have shown a pertinacity in maintaining their levee system which is almost unexampled. They have always asserted their rights to the lowlands in which they live and have, under the most trying circumstances, braved inundation. They have built more than 1,500 miles of levees within the state limits. The state engineer corps is always at work along the banks of the Mississippi and its important bayous.

The work of levee building has been pushed ahead when a thousand evils beset the community. Accurate and detailed surveys are a constant necessity to prevent inundation. The cost value of the present system is \$7 million, and as much more is needed to make it per-

fect. During the Civil War millions of cubic feet of levees were destroyed, but the state in her impoverished condition has not only rebuilt the old levees, but added new ones in the intervening years, showing an industry and energy we must all appreciate.

The water has an assistant in its cruel inroads, and the peace of mind of the property holders along the lower Mississippi is constantly disturbed by the presence of a burrowing pest which lives in the artificial dikes and is always working for their destruction. This little animal is the crawfish (*Astacus Mississippiensis*) of the western states, and it bores its way both vertically and laterally into the levees. This species of crawfish builds a habitation nearly a foot in height on the surface of the ground to which it retreats, at times, during high water. The Mississippi crawfish is about 4" in length and has all the appearance of a lobster, its breeding habits being also similar. The female crawfish, like the lobster, travels about with her eggs held in peculiar arm-like organs under her jointed tail where they are protected from being devoured by other animals. There they remain until hatched; but the young crawfish does not experience the metamorphosis peculiar to most decapods.

These animals open permanent drains in the levees through which the water finds its way, slowly at first, then rapidly until it undermines the bank, when a crevasse occurs, and many square miles of arable and forest lands are submerged for weeks at a time. The extermination of these mischievous pests seems an impossibility, and they have cost the Mississippi property owners immense sums of money since the levee system was first introduced upon the river.

The city of New Orleans is built upon land about 4' below the level of the Mississippi River at high water mark and, running along the great bend in the river, forms a semicircle, and it is from this peculiar site it has gained the appellation of "Crescent City." The buildings stretch back to the borders of Lake Pontchartrain, which empties its waters into the Gulf of Mexico. All the drainage of the city is carried by means of canals into the lake, while the two largest of these canals are navigable for steamers of considerable size. Large cargoes are transported through these artificial waterways to the lake, and from it into the Gulf of Mexico, and so on along the southern coast to Florida.

(To Be Continued)

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A sweeping disclaimer at the very outset: I have never tried this rig or anything like it. Hence, there are no guarantees, express or implied, that it could ever be made to work. But the theoretical and practical attractions of this rig are so manifest that it seems worth a try, particularly if I can persuade someone other than me to be the first tryee.

I have had some modest success designing, building, and refining a rig for a canoe (eloquently documented, incidentally, in my recently released *The \$50, 5-Hour Canoe Sail Rig*, a complete builder/user/experimenter/historical guide and philosophical treatise, which is advertised, incidentally, in this issue of *MAIB*). I have also taken a lesson from our Minnesota Governor, Jesse Ventura, who has demonstrated the economic benefits of shameless self-promotion even in the absence of any discernible talent or ability. So the reader should not be surprised by repeated and complimentary reference to my manuscript. Likewise, any subsequent, vague references to "a published authority" are, in fact, references to me.

Still, the following should be seen as thinking out loud, rather than revealed wisdom. Students of Shakespeare might be tempted to call it autodidacticism, but juxtaposing the use of the term against mention of Jesse Ventura is enough to take one's breath away.

Anyway, why put a sail on a jonboat? The first and most obvious reason is that a jonboat is inexpensive. A new fifteen-footer, if my on-line sources can be believed, might sell for as little as \$500. Used, you could probably find one for a couple hundred. They are cheap be-

Sailing On The Cheap An Experimental Rig For A Jonboat

Part 1

By Charles Mantis

cause they are easy to build, whether commercially or otherwise. A rank amateur, using a tack and tape system, could probably knock out a respectable replica in a couple of week-ends. Four sheets of plywood, and a gallon or two of epoxy or polyester resin would constitute the bulk of construction materials and cost.

Jonboat hulls are cheap because they are made from light, flat panels. For sailors, especially those involved in racing, the lighter their hull, the happier they are. Generally, a flat-bottomed craft is disdained by sailors, because it necessarily has a high proportion of surface in contact with the water relative to its hull volume. But there is an offsetting advantage: The flat panel that forms the bottom of a jonboat renders it capable of planing. In theory, nothing is more conducive to getting up on a plane than a flat surface. On a downwind course, then, a flat-bottomed jonboat hull might indeed be competitive with "higher priced models".

The fastest-sailing monohulls are inland racing scows: Cs, Ds, As, Es, Ms and Mcs, for those who know them only by their initials. The shape or topography of an inland scow hull is similar in many respects to a jonboat's.

And since a jonboat is likely to weigh less (for a given length), it might be able to give a scow a run for the money.

Like a scow's, the jonboat's lateral plane increases as it heels. In English, this means that there is more surface area preventing the wind from pushing the boat sideways rather than the direction it is aimed. In effect, the chine is acting like a keel. And the hard chine that a jonboat hull boasts might be superior at preventing leeway to the rounded bilge of a scow (there is, unfortunately, no English equivalent to this last sentence, you might be able to intuit its meaning from the accompanying "Lateral Plane" diagram).

Another virtue that a jonboat hull shares with a scow is the reduction of wetted surface as the boat heels. As either type of boat tips, more hull surface is removed from the water than is buried. The less hull surface in contact with water, the less water friction created. Less friction, naturally, means more speed. In recognition of this principle, some scow skippers, racing in light wind conditions, will require their human ballast to hike out on the low side, thus aggravating the angle of heel (not to mention the crew as well), but yielding some marginal increment of speed.

A third virtue the two types of hulls share is a blunt bow. This feature may compromise seaworthiness in a blow, but when waves are small, it offers three theoretical advantages: 1) Greater stability for a given length and beam. 2) Minimal water resistance (relative to other hull shapes) when the boat is heeled over. 3) A waterline length that typically increases when the boat is heeled.

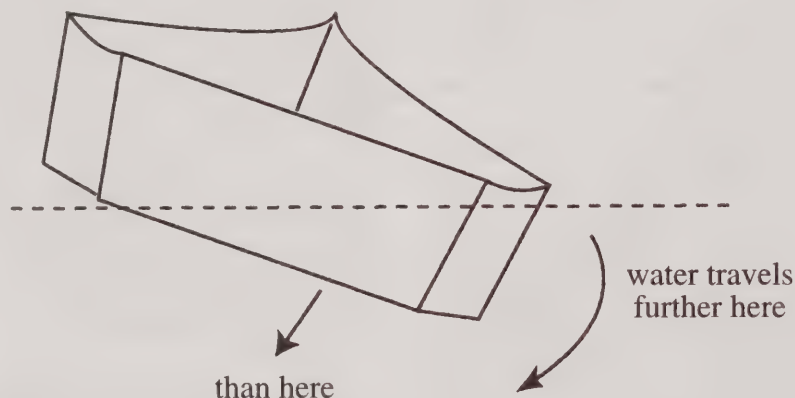
Regarding stability: There should be no question that a hull's stability is closely related to the amount of sail it can comfortably carry. Nor should there be any question that the more sail you carry, the faster you can go. One simple method of increasing stability is to increase a boat's beam; the greater its beam, the more stable it becomes. A blunt bow, quite simply, allows you to have a broad beam the entire length of the vessel, hence greater stability, hence better potential for speed.

Regarding water resistance: By definition, the surface that least disturbs water flow around it has the least water resistance. A relatively straight chine (of the sort a blunt-bowed boat has) disturbs the water less than a highly curved one. This is especially apparent when the boat is heeled over. Then the straight chine will act like the V hull of a speedboat. A highly curved chine, in contrast, would act like a V hull with a bend in its middle, a feature that even the most creative used-boat salesman would have difficulty justifying.

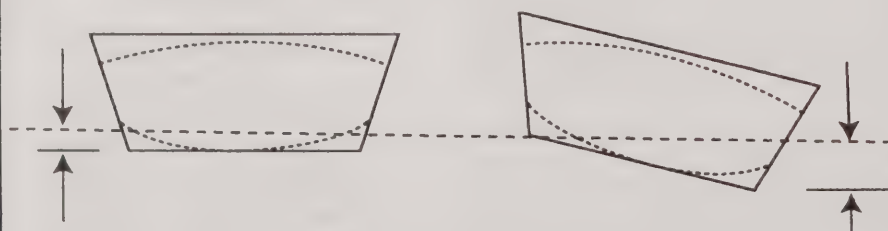
With a highly curved chine, the water on one side of the V has to travel further than the water on the other side, creating additional resistance on one side while playing hob with your steering (see "Water Flow" diagram.) An aside to the reader who finds standard English unequal to the task of describing nautical phenomena: Weather helm is invariably associated with low prismatic co-efficient. And while a gentle weather helm improves performance, a strong weather helm creates drag and is detrimental.

Finally, regarding waterline length: One of the better-kept secrets of nautical design is that your boat's length determines its top speed, at least, that is, until it planes. The longer your boat's length at the waterline, the faster it can go before getting "trapped" in its

Water Flow Around Hull



Lateral Plane: Sailing Level & Heeled (scow hull section indicated with dotted line)



own waves. For a conventionally shaped sailboat hull, the more it heels, the shorter its waterline length becomes, and hence, the lower its top speed. For a sailboat with a blunt bow, the reverse is true; as it heels, the waterline length increases along with its maximum speed potential.

Separate from its similarity to a scow, the jonboat has some advantages of its own. For starters, its marked flare provides reserve stability. Once again in English: Because its sides taper out at the top, you can tip the jonboat somewhat and continue to stay afloat. Clearly, a boat whose side tapered dramatically inboard would capsize readily. Meanwhile, the high side, which is being lifted out of the water, weighs 800 times more in the air than it does in the water. For a hull with notable flare, and gravity being what it is, the weight of the raised side helps to bring the boat back to level. Thus, buoyancy is pushing the low side up while gravity is pushing the high side down. This is true, of course, only as long as the leeward gunwale remains above water, beyond which point gravity dictates quite a different chain of events. But if you need to be told that, you are better off confining your boating activities to vicarious or virtual ones.

Unlike a scow, a jonboat can be rowed. In today's motorized world, this is probably seen as a minor advantage. It should not be so construed. The purchase of a new five-horsepower outboard can quadruple the cost of boating, before even considering the cost to the marine environment. A boat that is amenable to human propulsion is a boon to its owner, who needs to work only one-fourth as many hours to pay for it, and a blessing to the co-users of the aquatic environment, whether man, animal, or vegetable.

Of course, a scow, like most other sailing craft, could be rowed, but it would need to be extensively modified. You would have to add oarlocks, get rid of the decking along the sides, and add a seat that ran athwart. You would also have to carry oars, and unless they were segmented, or unless you removed the decking fore and aft as well, you would not be able to tuck them into the boat. Having made those modifications to create a useable rowboat, you would, by removing the deck, be left with about six inches of freeboard and a boat that could never survive any kind of chop.

Given the problems inherent in converting to a rowboat, scow owners, instead, choose to paddle. But paddling presents its own series of problems; primary is finding a place to

perch. And given the drawbacks of every other location, most paddlers choose to straddle the forestay. Because this ends up being the least objectionable location, most would-be paddlers, not surprisingly, arrange for motorized transport to and from their moorings.

I have owned a 14' O'Day for more than thirty-five years. I love the little, decrepit thing dearly, but I hate to paddle it. When the wind dies, I have been known to paddle to waist-deep water and wade home, towing the O'Day over my shoulder. Admittedly, the explanation, "It's a nice day to take my boat for a walk," sounds a mite lame when offered to the typical fisherman whose boat is equipped with two outboards and an electric motor, but one feels pressed to provide some kind of explanation for such unorthodox behavior.

For thousands of years motors were not available, and small, open boats made do quite nicely, thank you, with a combination of oars and sail. Perhaps even before Columbus "discovered" America, or certainly shortly thereafter, Basque fisherman were regularly crossing the Atlantic to fish the Grand Banks. That they failed to return in anything like the numbers that they departed, should not prevent you from adopting a similar mode of transport, but it should sound a cautionary note.

This naturally leads to the question: What is the worst-case scenario if one relies entirely on oars for back up? A competent oarsman should be able to move a light, modest-sized boat at two-and-a-quarter to two-and-a-half knots for an extended period. This is about one half the sailing speed of a 15' monohull on its most efficient point of sail under optimal wind conditions. Say then, you left your mooring in a 12-knot breeze, and sailed exclusively on a reach. Assume, further, that the wind died suddenly and completely. It would then take twice as long to return by oar as it took to get there by sail, and only if everything went contrarily. More likely, you wouldn't venture off on a reach exclusively, you would not be able to average five knots outbound, or the wind would not die suddenly and unexpectedly, leaving you stranded at the furthest most point in your journey. Realistically, then, you should never have to row for twice as long as you sailed.

Besides, rowing a light, easily propelled boat with well-designed, well-balanced oars on a calm day, need not be seen as an odious chore; some people, allegedly, do it for pleasure. They do, however, appear to be a minority. Why so many recreational boaters will buy

outboard motors and then turn around and buy a rowing machine to compensate for the exercise they don't get, will forever remain a mystery. Perhaps it is assumed that energy expended within the unchanging scenery of one's exercise room is somehow more productive, or perhaps rowing a boat properly ballasted with its full quota of "essential" electronic gear is indeed a daunting prospect, but regardless of the reason, the trend appears irreversible.

There is a drawback to having a rowable boat. Nothing is for free. With a jonboat, you get a sailboat that can be rowed but at the price of increased windage. Since you have no deck, your sides have to be higher to keep you dry. The higher the sides of your hull, the more wind resistance created, hence the more trouble you will have traveling to windward whether by sail or oar.

The shape, as well as the height of a boat's sides, will affect how wet the ride will be. And a jonboat's flare, judging from the examples I have seen, is also strategically situated. It is most pronounced where it will do the most good; right where water has a tendency to splash up over the rail or about one-third of the way aft (see "Sail Plan" diagram). We can expect a jonboat hull to be a dry one, at least in comparison to other open boats.

(To Be Continued)

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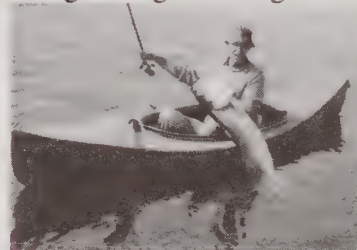
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When an owner no longer can or wants to use his boat, sale is the number one option. Selling a boat is not always as easy as it sounds. The literature of a marine foundation states that over 50% of all pleasure boats 10 years or older are for sale. With the advent of fiberglass and a hull that won't wear out, the market has a surplus of older boats that are often slow to sell, making the alternative of donating such vessels an attractive option.

This is particularly true if the donation value is higher than the "quick sale" market value of the boat, and the donor is in a tax bracket that allows him to take full advantage of his contribution. By law, you may deduct up to 50% of your adjusted gross income, and if your contribution is more than this percentage, you can deduct the remaining amount over the next five years.

In recent years, more and more organizations have been actively soliciting vessels for donation. Owners who no longer need their vessels, but have elected not to sell them, often find this approach appealing. They want relief from continued maintenance, insurance, storage, dockage, depreciation, and other costs of vessel ownership.

Solicitations for donations are found on the internet and in many marine publications. The internet appeal of one foundation is partly a cost analysis of boat ownership. The foundation makes the following points: "Annual costs of owning and maintaining a 30' sailboat can run in the neighborhood of \$3,500 to \$4,500 depending on the boat's age and condition and individual circumstances. To get your money's worth, you need to be on the water a minimum of 35 to 45 days during the season. Anything more is money in the proverbial bank! Anything less deserves a hard look. If you are spending less and less time on

Yacht Donations An Alternative To Selling

By Fred Menzies

the water, or if you have reached a point in your boating life where you are ready for a change, why not consider donating your boat?"

Reasons for people to donate their vessels are diverse. For many, the financial and tax considerations are at the bottom of the list. We specialize in the field of yacht donation and recently handled the donation of a classic sailboat. The elderly owner had passed away, and the family had a strong sentimental attachment to the boat. No one in the family could use the boat and they had no desire to sell it. We were able to find a youth oriented organization that was looking for a sailboat to use in their program.

We are often asked what the donation organizations do with donated boats. The answer depends on the organization. There are organizations that are looking for specific vessels for their marine programs. Currently, there is an organization looking for a commercial tugboat; another organization is looking for a sailing schooner to be part of their marine training for disadvantaged youth. Other organizations intend to market the donated boats via charter or sale, with the proceeds to be used for advancement of their specific activity. A medical foundation dedicated to heart research has taken this approach.

We maintain listings of donated boats that are available for charter or sale. This can be a good source for buyers looking for a vessel at a reasonable price. The idea of donating and contributing to non-profit charities and foundations has been a part of U.S. tax law for many years. In addition to tax benefits, donors have the satisfaction of knowing that their contributions are helping support worthwhile goals and buyers have the satisfaction of knowing their purchase dollars are supporting worthwhile causes.

The federal government recognizes that gifts to educational, charitable, scientific, and other qualified organizations have contributed significantly to the welfare of the nation. Our tax laws are designed to encourage such giving. You are entitled to take a deduction for a charitable contribution subject to certain conditions and limitations for genuine gifts of cash or property to qualified organizations.

There are two IRS publications: *No.526 - Charitable Contributions*, and *No.561 - Determining the Value of Donated Property*, which answer many questions about the law that governs donations. Donation organizations maintain tax specialists available for consultation with donors. Tax law is complex and we suggest that owners considering donation consult their tax advisors to determine if donation is a reasonable option for them.

The value of a boat or yacht is determined by the fair market value of the vessel. For all donated property valued over \$5,000, that value must be substantiated by one, and in many cases two, independent appraisals. Such appraisals are best determined by accredited marine surveyors well versed in IRS requirements. Establishing fair market value is a cor-

nerstone in the donation process. This is a job for experts and not for anyone involved in the transaction. The fee for the appraisal is paid by the donor and, according to the IRS, is not deductible as a donation. However, the fee can be claimed as a miscellaneous deduction.

The actual procedure of making a donation is not complicated. When we handle donations for our clients we prepare a fact sheet on the boat and try to marry the vessel with the right organization based on the donor's needs, wants, and desires. We have the selected donation organization inspect the vessel and prepare a donation letter-of-intent, which outlines the details of their acceptance of the vessel, subject to survey and appraisal of fair market value.

Yachts and boats are donated one of two ways: (1) A straight donation where the donor's contribution base is the fair market value; or (2) A Bargain Sale Donation where the donor receives cash as well as a tax deductible donation. The amount of the deductible donation is the difference between the cash received and the fair market value of the vessel. An example would be a boat with an appraised value of \$35,000 and the donor requests \$8000 in cash. In this example, the donor would receive \$8000 cash plus a tax-deductible donation of \$27,000.

There is one charitable foundation that is aggressively soliciting Bargain Sale Donations, and they are currently placing offers on vessels from 20' to 100' and above. Quoting from their literature, "When we offer a Bargain Sale cash offer for your vessel, you will be pleasantly surprised at the financial outcome. Here's an example of how it works: Let's say that you are trying to sell your boat for \$100,000. The appraisal value is established at \$125,000 due to accessories, location etc. The following formula would be applied:

Appraisal Value \$125,000; Cash Offered \$75,000; Gross Tax Benefit \$50,000.

For the purposes of this example, let's assume a 45% tax bracket for the donor. The gross tax benefit (\$50,000) x tax bracket (45%) = \$22,500 Net Tax Benefit. Summary: Cash Offered - \$75,000. Net Tax Benefit - \$22,500. Total donor benefit - \$97,500.

We have included the above example to illustrate the mechanics of a Bargain Sale Donation. There are many different circumstances surrounding each individual's need, motivation, and personal tax consequences in a Bargain Sale. This is not an area for amateurs. We strongly encourage consultation with a tax advisor.

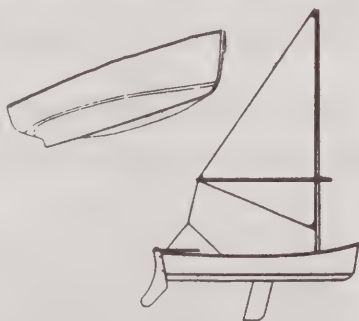
The following summary is for anyone considering the donation of a vessel:

- (1) You must be in a tax bracket that allows you to fully benefit from your donation.
- (2) Always consult with a tax professional.
- (3) Have the fair market value of your boat established by professionals.
- (4) Find the right organization for your boat donation.
- (5) Some Yacht Brokers can assist in the process at no cost to the donor.

If you have questions, or would like more information, <www.yacht-donations.com>, or contact us by e-mail at shipyard@access1.com. Our specialized services are available to donors.

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 (207) 967-4461

LAR: We're standing here on the dock at Muiden near the finish line with Leon Pezzack of Cornwall, England. Where do you live in Cornwall Leon?

LP: I live in a little village called Mousehole, near Penzance, England.

LAR: Have you have lived there all your life?

LP: Yes, I was born there, that's near Land's End, one of the nearest places to America.

LAR: What is very interesting here is that Leon presently makes oars, and he made some oars for Team *Saquish* and those oars were used by Team *Saquish* in this competition here in Muiden, Holland, just yesterday and today. Team *Saquish* just finished racing a few minutes ago, and Leon not only made the oars that they raced with, but he coxed the team in that race, so it is a very interesting story. Leon, did you enjoy coxing today?

LP: Yes, much better than yesterday. Yesterday was in excess of force eight winds. That was very very strong winds, desperately difficult conditions, but today we had much better conditions. It was twice as long a race, probably forty minutes, I would guess. The boys did good. They are fighters, I can see that.

LAR: So today's race was better, and the boys were fighters, do you have any idea how they finished today?

LP: I think we might have got third place because it is not easy to tell because you start off with three boats, and then a minute interval, then another three boats, we started fourth overall. One of the boats that finished in front of us started before us, so he had at least a minute on us at the start. So if we finished within 60 seconds of him at the finish we could have well have been third. But I would think we are definitely fourth. Yesterday we finished third, and I think what we do overall will be the times of yesterday's race and today's race added together to work out an overall time for the championships.

LAR: Who looks like the winner?

LP: I think the winners will be from Cornwall, a boat from Saltash in Cornwall, at the other end of the county. That would be the *Mary Newman*, which will definitely be first. The Dutch team which is sponsored as the national team, they would definitely be second. Whether the Americans were third overall or the second Dutch boat will be third, will come up on computer very shortly. We should be able to find out then.

LAR: Okay, Leon, to get away from the race let's go back and find out how you came to make oars, have you done that all your life?

LP: No, no. I was a civil servant originally. I've done thirty-eight years in telecommunications, and then when they privatized things in the conservative era of Margaret Thatcher, my wife, my daughter and myself all lost our jobs, and I got pensioned off. But then I had a training grant, and I went to London to train with Jerry Sutton who has been making paddles for many many years, a real professional. I thought, well if I'm going to start in my own business I might as well learn with the best.

In Cornwall at that time we were still using solid wood oars, while at the national level, with the sliding seat, they were using hollow oars of silver spruce. I make mine out of selected silver spruce, Canadian Silver Spruce. So they are a little bit lighter, but stiffer, and the balance is about 7-1/2 pounds.

Interview with Leon Pezzack of Mousehole, Cornwall, England, Coxswain for Team *Saquish*, November 7, 1999 At the Royal Netherlands Yacht Club Muiden, Holland

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So when you press them down in the boat they feel light. It is an inboard, outboard balance. And also I spend a lot of time hollowing out the blades, so that they hold the water better, the water does not slip off them.

LAR: Let's go back to London, how long did you spend in London doing that?

LP: Oh probably about three weeks I suppose.

LAR: Sort of like an apprenticeship?

LP: Yeah.

LAR: And how old were you at that time?

LP: 54.

LAR: And if I can ask how old are you now?

LP: I'm well over 60.

LAR: And is this what you do for a living now?

LP: Yes, it helps with the pension, I'm not always working full time, I'm getting a bit arthritic at the moment. I have to be a bit careful.

LAR: So you have to be quite a craftsman to make oars. Do you have a shop there?

LP: I've been in an old farm building until this year. But the farms in Cornwall are going through difficult times and they are being sold off as houses. I've just built my own 400 square foot workshop in the back of my house. Each oar takes up seventeen separate pieces of wood altogether. And it takes me about three days to complete, that is to glue them all together, which produces a block about 16 pounds in weight. Then I whittle that block away with power saws, power planes, hand planes and special small hand planes that get the oar down to about 9-1/2 pounds, finally.

LAR: That's very intricate work then?

LP: Yeah, the actual planing of it to make the blade alone takes at least five hours of non stop planing and the two sides of the blade have different shapes, so it takes a lot of planing to get the shape right. It is a very rewarding craft. I think if you are used to working with wood there is a real feel to it, and it is very satisfying.

LAR: Even before you started making oars were you associated with gig racing and things maritime or nautical?

LP: Oh yes, I was born in a small fishing village. I went to the Isles of Scilly, which is 28 miles off Land's End, and in 1968 got married to an islander, she was working out there, and we had a house supplied and my family of three children were born there, so I've been rowing since 1969. We had our first gig built in '69-'70, and that was the first one to be built in Cornwall this century.

We raised the money ourselves with no grant or money from the lottery or anything. Our boys we put in a month's wages apiece, then we grew a ton of early potato seeds and sold them, then we rowed from the Isles of Scilly to the mainland and back again, 28 miles each way, within one day, to raise another couple hundred quid.

These gig boats can do that, they used to catch up to the sailing boats to put a pilot aboard, and they rowed further and further out. Obviously the wind would catch them and blow them away from the islands, so then they would run down to France and come back with some smuggled goods, brandy or something.

LAR: Yes, I've heard about that.

LP: So a couple of the boys tried it this century, but we were the first boat to achieve it. We rowed from the Scillies to Roscoff, which is 120 miles.

LAR: Is that in Brittany?

LP: Roscoff, Brittany, yeah. That was very enjoyable. We did that with a rotary club to raise money for the hospitals.

LAR: How old were you when you did that?

LP: Thirty. And after ten years in the Scillies, I came back to my home town. We had already bought a house, and I started a rowing club there. I've been rowing ever since, and both my sons were champion rowers as well. Unfortunately both my boys had already got degrees, and they were working hundreds of miles from Cornwall, because there is no work in Cornwall. Pretty difficult economically there.

LAR: So coxing is nothing new to you?

LP: Oh, no. I'm quite competitive, and I like winning. The main thing is trying to keep the timing together and have motivation, and strong points in technique. Your boys have got

one or two very good techniques. Get a little bit more togetherness in that crew, get them all getting the exact same body angle, and that crew can go places.

LAR: That's nice to hear. You know, I stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Pritchard out on St. Mary's, on the Scilly Isles. Do you know them? Mr. Pritchard was from originally from the mainland, Bristol, I think. I believe his son runs a hotel out at the end of the quay.

LP: Yes, Pritchard. They came out there when I was there around 1970. I think his family runs a hotel and catering business too. Willy Pritchard.

LAR: Yes, I think so. The elder Mr. and Mrs. Pritchard were my hosts at their bed & breakfast and they were very, very nice to me. Very nice folks.

LP: My brother-in-law is a printer on the isles now.

LAR: What was your first contact with the members of Team *Saquish* and knowing that they wanted you to make some oars for them?

LP: I bumped into them briefly when they were on the Isles of Scilly the first time about three years ago. And I gave them a couple of cards. It was mainly through Martin Langdon, who was the Chairman of the Cornish Rowing Association, a couple of years ago. I think Martin volunteered to cox your veterans in the veterans race in the Scillies in 1998.

LAR: At some point did you meet Mike Jenness? Was he the one who contracted with you to make the oars?

LP: He did ultimately. I don't know if you know Martin went to America last year, and spent a fortnight.

LAR: Yes I know, I met him there.

LP: Well, he came back, and said, "Leon, they're probably going to be in contact with you. They'd like to have a set of your oars." I've competed against Martin and actually rowed with him on occasion over 20 years, so we know each other quite well. The team that he rows for, which has been unbeaten in 5 years, has always used my oars, so that's my best publicity. They've got three sets of them so far, and they won the World Championships on the Scillies, the Cornish County Championships, which is another big event, rowing with the oars I made.

Martin told Mike they are the most ex-

pensive, but they're the best. They're what you want. So I've known Martin a long time and I'm delighted from that point of view. It was through Martin, who really was the main contact, that Mike Jenness came to me, and we communicated from there.

LAR: And when did you make the oars?

LP: I finished them about three weeks ago.

LAR: How long did it take you overall to make them?

LP: The way I work, it takes about a week to make one, but I probably can do it in about three days, if I have to.

LAR: How many oars did you make?

LP: Team *Saquish* ordered six of them.

LAR: And you brought them over here on this trip?

LP: No, What I did, I took them to Saltash where Martin's team practices and then they rowed with them. They had a couple practices with them. That way, Mike could know that they were suitable, and basically what I'd done had been checked. Until I put leathers on they could have been slightly off, they are only tied on with string, and laced on. Martin made a couple of practices, made sure the handles were the right size, etc. So they didn't have to be altered, and Mike and his team could come over with some degree of confidence. I've now got to see him because I've brought some cardboard over, and we've now got to get them wrapped up and to get them back to the USA.

LAR: Yes, we are going to have to take them back on the plane Wednesday.

LP: Yes. I bought some cardboard to wrap around the base if they want to.

LAR: How were they transported here to this race?

LP: They put them in the back of the gigs. Team *Saquish* borrowed the gig *Ann Glanville* from Caradon, and the Caradon folks carried them over in the gig, so we got them here for nothing really.

LAR: The last couple of days is the first time that Team *Saquish* has rowed with the new oars you made, right?

LP: Yes. They haven't had a chance to get used to them.

LAR: And I think the girls rowed with them too?

LP: Yes.

LAR: Does it take time to get used to new

oars.

LP: Yes. I've got the saying that if they are different from your old oars you should have a minimum of three practices. Unfortunately, the storm yesterday made for very severe conditions for rowing, and I think the oars might have been a little bit too long for the girls' crew, because they aren't a really big girls' crew, are they? The girls here in Holland, what do you think, stand about 6'3"?

LAR: That's right.

LP: Some tall people around here! What I would do back home in our club, where we've got about thirty different oars, some longer, some shorter, I'd play around with the oars according to that person's strength. Whereas in sliding seat rowing, which is international rowing, all the oars are exactly the same length, and they alter the pivot, roller or the gate.

LAR: So how much variation can there be in gig oars, as far as weight and length is concerned? The shortest ones are how long, the longest ones are how long?

LP: Roughly 12'4" up. When I was rowing in the '70s, we were rowing 14'6".

The first boat in '68 that I rowed was a traditional boat, 150 years old, we had straight sweeps with a 5' blade and the longest was 16'6". So that was for a working boat where you row at a slow speed. But as to racing, purely racing boats, that's different.

LAR: How about weight?

LP: Well them oars would have been ash and solid and very very springy, they aren't efficient for racing. The oars now come out at about 9 or 9-1/2 pounds with the leather, on in weight. The main thing is the balance. So when you press it down in the boat to lift it out of the water, I actually plane one to measure one so I can hang a 7-1/2 pound weight on the handle and lift the blade out of the water, so that it feels light to recover at the stroke.

LAR: What reaction did you get from the Americans to these oars, do they seem to like them?

LP: Yes, they seem to be quite happy with them at the moment. I'll probably give them another couple weeks of practice back home, and they'll be able to get more out of them. They are only partially hollow. I personally would recommend that they shorten a couple of them, maybe 1" or 1-1/2" to try to tailor them a little.

LAR: They could do that themselves or have somebody back there do it?

LP: Oh yes, just cut an inch or so off, and lengthen the handle a bit with a spoke chase. I leave my handles rather big because peoples' hands vary. For a manual worker you need a big oar. The bigger the handle you can cope with the better. If you have it too small it's a lot of strain on your fingertips. It takes a lot of nervous energy. So if you can get the oar in the palm of your hand, that's good. It is better if you have a big palm. You can get them suited individually, as you go along.

LAR: You know, Leon it seems to me that somebody like you who had long rowing experience from your youth until the present time, and then taking up the craft of making oars at a later time, would perhaps be able to make oars in a more knowledgeable way, and perhaps a better way, than somebody who only was a craftsman, who didn't have that practical experience on the water. What do you say about that?

LP: Yes, to get into it, I actually make

Team *Saquish*, Leon Pezzack, and the six oars he made, seconds after Team *Saquish*'s third place finish, Muiden, Holland, Nov. 7, 1999.



five differently shaped blades as well. So there is lots of variation there. Comes down to individual choice in the end. These are 32" long blades. I make them 28" long, 25" long, 24" long, shorter and fatter. In the sliding seat world they would call them spoons. The Americans, as you know, were using carbon fiber, with almost rectangular blades. But I don't think that goes, because in gig racing they are trying to keep things traditional. The boats have to be built of traditional materials, and you aren't allowed to use any composite material in it, so they are trying to keep the sport at a traditional level, only using wood technology, rather than manufactured carbon fiber technology.

LAR: Is what you do a lost art or are there many other people who do what you do?

LP: I think it is rapidly becoming a lost art because in London I know three or four firms who employ maybe 14 or 15 people making oars, collars and the like, and I know they had to turn over about a quarter million pounds, and I think most of them are sent to America, probably resold on retail to Americans. But these people now are down to one or two traditional paddle makers. All the sliding seat clubs and the national standard clubs have all gone to the carbon fiber American oars, so we are now going from an exporter of oars to an importer of American carbon fiber oars. We're lucky, in Cornwall we have this traditional sport and it suited in with my practical experience.

LAR: How many other people down there in the Cornwall area or on the Scillies make oars like you do?

LP: Well I would think there are roughly four families who are involved with building the gigs or making the oars.

LAR: Your family being included?

LP: Well my son is a naval architect, we've actually made a gig as well back a couple of years ago. It's done very well. But there is very little money, it is very poor wages making these boats. You're probably paid about \$6 an hour, and if you've got a degree, you are not going to work for \$6 an hour, so my son has gone off into education.

LAR: And do they all do it the same way or are there distinctions between them?

LP: The way I make my oars, the other people, one or two of them, tried to copy my blades, and I think if you have someone copying you it is nice, because it means that in a roundabout way they are admitting that your oars are better than theirs.

LAR: Your blade shape is different.

LP: Oh yes, different.

LAR: Describe in what way it is different.

LP: Well, with a lot of the oars, the widest part of the blade was the tip. My widest part of the blade is 8" back from the tip. The oars tip up, and mine tip up more than the other makers. And also if you could take a cross section, look at the vein down the middle, the easy way is to have two flat areas to make the water slip off. I spend a lot of time hollowing mine out, so it is like your hand really, it cups the water. It doesn't actually slip through the water.

Also, I use epoxy resin. I was using the West System, but I could no longer get that locally, so I'm onto another resin. I give each oar two coats of resin, the resin being both a varnish and a glue which makes the oars stronger. Then I finish off with an ultraviolet, which

is an ultraviolet light inhibitor.

And then, of course, we lace the leather onto them to go into the thole pins, made in Cornwall of oak bark tanned leather. It is tanned with the bark of an oak tree which makes it harder and tougher material than the chemically treated leather. There is a place in Cornwall which is one of few oak bark tanneries left in the country because most of them have gone into chemicals now. The first leather I bought, I paid 10 shillings, or 50 pence. Today, for the same leather, I'm having to charge about eight pounds for it, to buy and fit.

LAR: Do you think the oars you make make a difference competitively?

LP: Yes.

LAR: Do you think they are faster?

LP: Without any doubt. Every crew is different, individuals are different, their ability, their mental attitude, but I have supplied three sets to Caradon who Martin Langdon rows for.

LAR: And they keep winning.

LP: They have never lost in five years. They won the Scilly World Championships, Cornwall Championships, and other races through Cornwall. They are quite a dedicated bunch and they get down to the finer points of technique. Also, they are not young. Their crew here have two people who are 40, or 42, and they are not the heaviest crew either.

LAR: So the proof of the pudding is in the eating.

LP: Yes it's quality of your work rather than quantity.

LAR: You've probably been written up in the local newspapers where you live?

LP: Yeah, a little bit. But I think it is easier to get known outside of your area than it is in your own area. We don't like people in our area to do well, seems to me. That is what I like about America, having been there last year. People go for it, there is lots of freedom, in Cornwall you can't do this, you can't do that, that's the way it was one hundred years ago. We are living in the past, and my view is that Cornwall is so poor now that we're going to get a grant from Europe, we are the poorest county in Britain. The average wage is about 65% of the national average. People who are working, if they are working at all, work for 120 pounds a week, \$180 a week. Try to keep a home and habitation together with that! There are very bad economic conditions in Cornwall.

I know Dave Currah, the lad who builds most of the gigs with his father. They are both professional boat builders. These economic conditions made them redundant, they went into boat building, and then the gigs come along, and David and his father have been making about four a year ever since. His father is 75, he says I want to pack up, it is hard work, but I can't because my son needs me in order to make a go of it. We are saving this sport, really. I would like to see it paying a more economical rate, so tradesman could get better rewards for their skills.

LAR: How could that come to pass?

LP: Everyone tends to undercut each other, but is it worth it? Who are you going to get to do it? In England you get social security, you can have a house and live in it with a girl, and social security pay for it. So, I'm not going to work for that sort of wage. That can't be right, can it? The wage should reward the skill. It is not easy.

Of course these gigs are another thing.

Ideally it would be built out of Cornish Elm, that is a narrow leaf elm as opposed to a broad leaf elm, and there was a lot of that in Cornwall. But we had elm disease about 15 years ago that decimated Cornish elm, and then when they started building the gigs again all the elm was gone. The oldest gigs are made of it, like the one in the Isles of Scilly called the *Bonnet*, I don't know if you've seen that.

LAR: Yes, I've seen *Bonnet*.


LP: One in Newquay is even older. Those were built around 1812. So that boat was being rowed around the time of the Battle of Trafalgar, and it is still being raced today. That's a wonder! Fantastic to see a boat that's been rowing 180 years, and it is still being used for sport, fantastic! But they've got to be looked after. Cornish elm is almost impossible to get, so they have now gone to Witch Elm. Witch Elm is a bit higher specific density, and also the bowl of the tree tends to be short. The Cornish elm tends to have a 60' bowl, and you could put a plank in the boat 32' long. You need joints. Less work, and also better than having to join it. But they have gone onto Witch Elm. There is also Dutch Elm. I'm not sure about American Elm, but Dutch Elm and English Elm are not good at all. They don't last very long.

LAR: Shortly before Mike's father died, when he and Mike were building a gig over in the United States, they had difficulty getting the right kind of wood, and in Mike Jenness Sr.'s dying days, they drove down to some place in the Carolinas, I think it might have been, to get the right wood.

Well, you know I really do appreciate interviewing you, and you have said a lot of things of interest, so that I want to thank you for that and wish you the very best of luck. And I hope to see you again. Thanks so much again.

LP: Thank you very much. There's a band in the background, I think that St. Nicholas is just paying the rowers a visit. He comes on a yearly visit because in Holland St. Nicholas is the big day rather than Christmas, and St. Nicholas came in the other year, and he marched in and all the rowers escort him into the tent. So there will be some fun starting in the tent.

LAR: Yes, we'll have to go in there and see that. Thanks so much.



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Martha Jane #510 Revised



Bill and Carol Martin's M-J *Penguin* with Shoebox *Phred* on Lac LaRonge in northern Saskatchewan. No capsizes.

The Martha Jane leeboard sharpie design was prepared in 1986 for the late Elrow LaRowe (named for Mrs. LaRowe). They were intended for efficient trailer hauling and for backwater camp-cruising. I commented in *Boats With An Open Mind* that "One or two Martha Jane's have made offshore passages and kept the sea in gales. I wouldn't set off far to sea in one myself if I could help it. If I had to do it I would be very careful, but not much frightened."

A large number of these boats have been built all over the world (LaRowe and others had rights to sell the plans at one time and another, and the numbers could be anywhere from several dozen to several hundred.) We have sailed two of them, finding them good sailers and exceptionally handy. All the owners that we heard from liked them, and several of them made notable inland and coastal cruises on their trailers and on their bottoms.

In 1999 we heard from the second owner of one of them (which in previous hands had sailed for some years without problems), that the boat had capsized. We attributed the incident to flooding through an unsecured off-center open hatch, not on the plans, near the stern in the sunken afterdeck, but it happened again with the hatch closed. In the second case the boat recovered when her single-handed skipper got his weight out on the lowered weatherside leeboard.

Early this year there was a more serious incident of a new boat which capsized, flooded, and turned bottom-up. This boat had been modified with a stern rudder and different ballasting, and the immediate cause of the

accident was apparently the boat going out of control due to trouble with a mizzen sail, most of the ties of which had parted from the mast. But as far as we could tell her stability characteristics had not been significantly altered. The owner of this boat described the accident on the internet, and was contacted by several other owners whose boats had capsized. None of these had informed us, and still have not done so, but it looked as though the reserve stability of at least some boats of this class was less than we had estimated and had too little margin for inaccuracies in building, and for mistakes in handling, to be tolerated. Predictably, in boats of such light weight, MJs with cruising gear and supplies seemed to be steadier on their feet.

Martha Jane was designed before it was customary, or practical with much accuracy, to calculate the stability of small boats. With advances in software and hardware capability and user-friendliness over the years, it has become decidedly easier to do, and we reassessed Martha Jane's characteristics across a range of structural weights, loads, and hull-geometries. The program has to be given a center of gravity, and calculating that accurately is still a tedious business.

Stability Curve #1: We ran calculations for Martha Jane, on pessimistic assumptions of weight location, and found that her point of no return was about 60 degrees, with a substantial negative range until the sealed and buoyant masts and yard immersed. Their volume stabilizes her and she should float on her side with masts under water. But if some force rolled her on down to 138 degrees she would

go on to bottom-up.

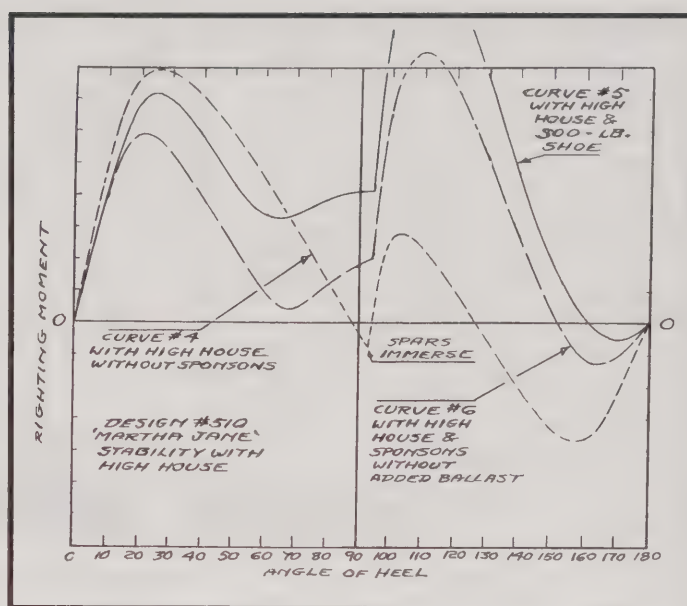
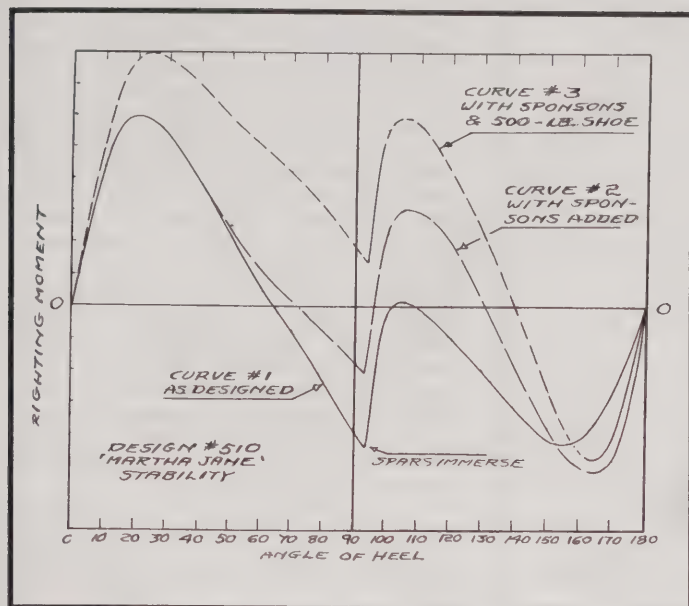
All this fits the reports: 60 degrees is an angle that most owners would not allow to happen; a boat might sail many years without being heeled that much, until some bad luck or bad handling showed up the danger point. Moreover, this characteristic is what most people expect of sharpies and of very shallow boats in general. Probably the reason we did not hear about the capsizes was that most people took it for granted that the boats were capsizable. Incidentally, we ran this check in both light and heavy weight estimates. The one shown is the heavy one, implying a weight of 2200lbs on the trailer with the water ballast dumped.

The weakness of the design is in the very low actual freeboard forward and abaft the raised deck/cabin structure. It is masked by the high bulwarks, but the effective freeboard is to the top of the sunken deck, 20" aft as designed and less with several people sitting there. If the boat is knocked down on her side the righting force of the watertight volume in the after part of the boat is only about a foot above the ballast center and actually below the center of gravity of the boat; that is, it tends to capsize her rather than to right her at extreme angles of heel. Also, in a beam-ends knock-down, the crew naturally brace themselves with feet on the lee gunwale, with their whole weight actually contributing to the capsizing force.

Stability Curve #2: The low afterdeck is one of the pleasantest features of the design for comfort, shelter, security, and efficient weight placement for normal sailing angles of heel. Any retrofit to improve the reserve stability of the boats should retain this feature of the design. We therefore designed sponsons on the outside of the bulwarks at the stern. These sponsons add about 200lbs of buoyancy on each side and make a substantial improvement in the boat's reserve buoyancy and reserve stability. They will have no noticeable effect on the performance or behavior of the boat in normal sailing attitudes, and very little effect on her looks except for their shadow if the sides are light-colored.

We recommend that these sponsons be fitted to all existing and new boats to the Martha Jane design. What they don't do is improve her potentiality for capsizing very much, since they don't take effect until the boat is past the capsizing angle. Boats with this modification will be much easier to right after a capsize; somebody getting out on a leeboard, or releasing the main halyard, should allow the boat to right herself, but alert sailing in puffy weather is still very desirable!

Stability Curve #3: Thus we looked at the effect of adding some ballast. The boats can stand the weight, even the numerous ones that are more or less overweight. If the ballast is added in the form of a 1/2" thick steel ground-iron shoe 4' long, amidships, and the full 6'



width of the bottom we get about 500lbs. This shoe can be faired in with shims and epoxy forward and aft. The added drag is negligible and the power to carry sail is increased; that is, she would be faster to windward in strong wind.

Incidentally, none of these curves consider the effect of live ballast in normal sailing, although it is allowed for at the extreme angles when it may have a bad effect. Now this curve is in the "offshore" range; if she was rolled bottom-up by a breaking sea, the next wave would right her. As in all these curves, the sharp rise in positive stability beyond 100 degrees is caused by the buoyancy of the mast, yard, and boom as they're immersed. If she was dismasted in a violent rollover, she would be relieved of their weight and be much more stable over to 90 degrees.

Stability Curve #4: The good effect of the ballast shoe depends in good part on the sponsons. Without them the stern would settle when the after deck immersed at extreme angles, and she would capsize at 82 degrees.

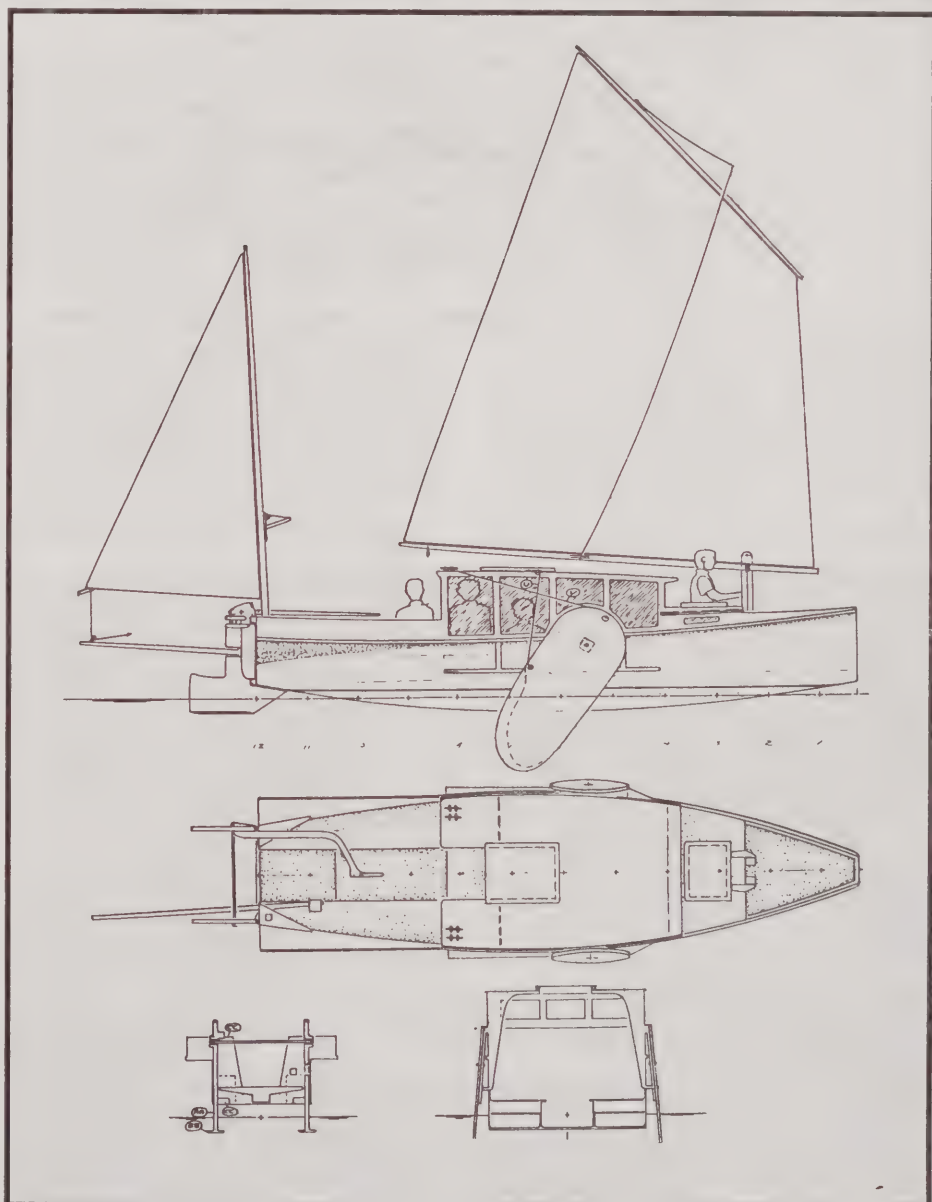
Other Upgrades, Stability Curves #5 and #6: We've taken the occasion to draw up some other upgrades suggested by fourteen years of experience with these and many other designs (a hundred and forty-eight designs since M-J). First, the windowed raised house amidships. This vastly improves the previously austere cuddy with 5'6" headroom (under the companionway hatch), and by creating a panoramic view out encourages crew to sit inside for shelter, shade, and improved sailing trim of the boat.

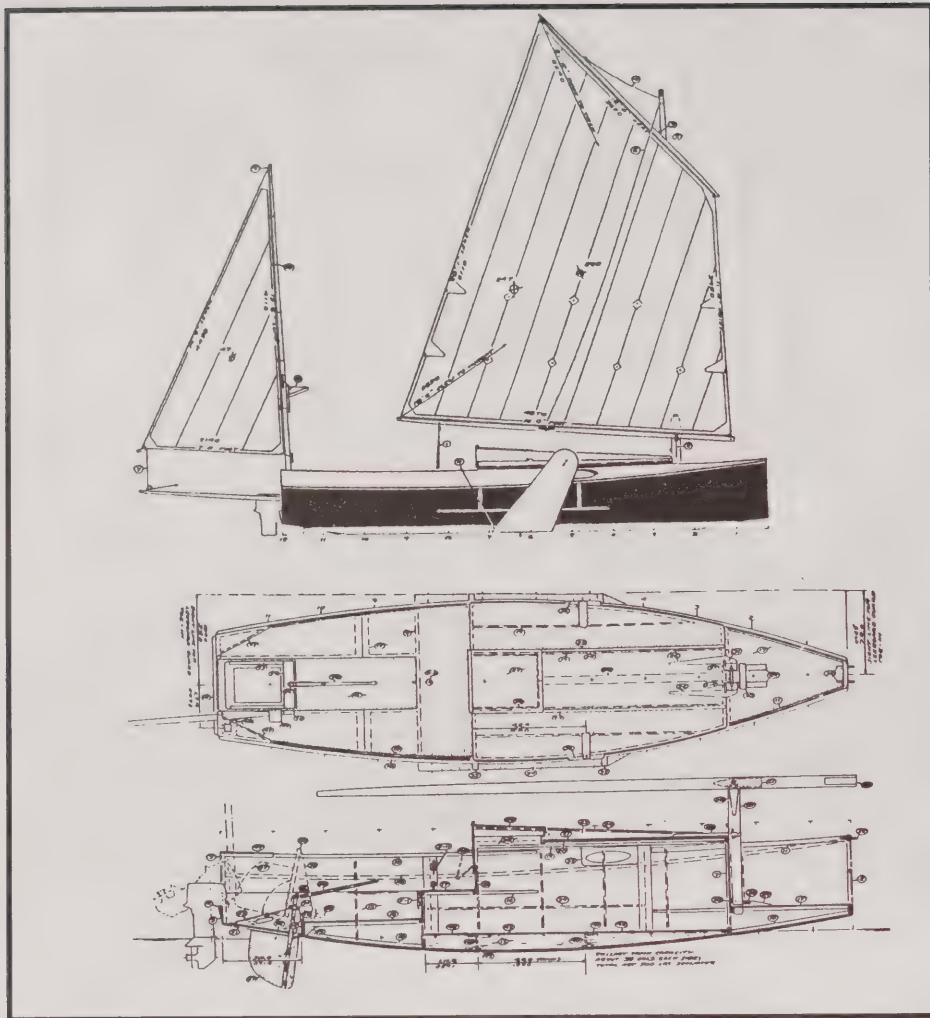
The buoyancy of this much higher raised deck also produces a further large increase in the reserve stability and buoyancy of the boat, as shown in Curve #5. This one shows that the combination of added ballast and the high house produce a boat about as foolproof as they come. With the house but without the added ballast the effect isn't as dramatic but she's still entitled to be called self-righting (Curve #6). This option reduces the weight on the trailer by slightly less than 500 pounds (the higher house weighs a little more than the original low raised deck by the amount of vertical structure in the form of framing and polycarbonate).

We recommend that all Martha Jane's be retrofitted with the sponsons, and with either

the added ballast or the high house, or both. Adding the ballast will be simpler on existing boats. New boats will benefit from the high

house in other ways than stability, and it is recommended. Since half of her now 1,000lbs ballast is water and can be left behind, adding





500lbs is too bad but should not ruin most tractor and trailer combinations.

The house is shown extending over the forward end of the afterdeck, at the sides, to give some shelter there requiring a tiller extension. This overhang could be supplemented

Bill Jochems' M-J in Colorado. No capsizes.

by a tent over the rest of the afterdeck to make it habitable at anchor in bad weather. We recommend this alteration in all new boats of the class, and that it be considered for existing boats especially if and when they are due for a major overhaul.

The revised leeboard design, developed and tested in other designs over several years,

will correct the tendency of the original leeboard design to kite off the hull. Existing leeboards will benefit by added ballast as close to the leading edges of the boards as possible. The new leeboard design allows both boards to be left down on all points of sailing, and precise adjustment of their position, independently of each other, for control of helm balance and steering steadiness. For instance, with one board down vertical or raked forward, and the other raked aft to the partly-hoisted position, the boat will tend to hold her course with free tiller for useful periods. With the pendant and downhaul arrangement of control, the boards need no ballast, eliminating the lead inserts and making them lighter to raise. This alteration is recommended for new boats and as a worthwhile retrofit to existing boats. In new construction this option will eliminate having to melt lead.

Lastly, we show an optional steering arrangement with twin rudders on the stern, in place of the kick-up rudder under the hull. The original rudder design has been practically the only feature of the boat which elicited any complaints before the stability question came up. It gave sharp control, placed a simple tiller in ideal relationship with the best position for the helmsman, no dragging of her tail, and left the stern clear for a neat motor mounting position and for the mizzen sheet boomkin.

The drawbacks were that it was reasonably complicated and costly to build and that it needed a cotter pin (or a bungee-cord rig) to keep it from kicking up when the boat reached a certain, not very fast, speed. Pencils made good cotter pins, being about the right strength to break if the exposed rudder struck or if the boat came down on it in a grounding.

The twin rudders indicated are the best alternative we have thought of at this date. They are very simple to build and hang on standard heavier-duty pintles and gudgeon. They will give somewhat steadier, but not as quick, steering, will work on any draft that the boat can float on, and allow the cutout in the bottom panel to be eliminated. There might be a side effect at alarming angles of heel with the total effective rudder area in the water reduced when the windward one lifts clear of the water, and the leeward one being loaded up with additional pressure behind the pivot, the combined effect of which could be a degree of rounding up if overpressed. Until that's actually observed she is to be considered as having to be sailed by the helmsman in and out of potential trouble.

Now Martha Jane is safer, a bit easier to build, with the savings in stainless and lead work put into polycarbonate transparency on the house, and while the original version served quite a few inland and ICW "roamers" well, she has become more of a cruiser yet.

Complete plans for upgraded #510 Martha Jane on seven 17"x 22" sheets are US \$250 to build one boat. Upgrade on 2 sheets for #510 Martha Jane are US \$50 to upgrade one extant boat.



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Dream Boats Again: The Janggolan

By Richard Carsen

Mr. Lee Johnson, from Brighton, Michigan, was kind enough to send me an article on the the Maduran prabus which take the salt from the Maduran saltwinning flats to the island of Java next door. It showed a boat, somewhat smaller than the traditional traders maybe, but with what seems to be the identical rig.

What is different is the rudder set-up, which is like that of the small double outriggers which the fishermen use, not the elaborate "cage" as I have tried to show on the Boogies boat. Here there is a snubbed V-shape, formed by two outward leaning posts, connected by a thwartpiece which in turn is supported by a vertical centrepiece, the entire structure set into a heavy beam that extends beyond the sides and into which the heavy rudder oars lean in a half-circular opening in the edge of the beam. They are held there by a heavy rubber band made from (cut from) an old tire, which allows the rudder to be put level on that fulcrum, lifting the blade out of the water.

As the drawing shows, however, the deckhouse is much smaller, leaving deck space between the short stump of a mainmast and the front of the house. In the larger traders, entire families live on board for months at a time, awaiting the change of seasons, the reversal of the main wind pattern, to retrace their course home, in the same rhythm that the Arabian seaman makes his yearly trading trip down the African east coast and back again when the monsoon turns. Sailing routes, up to the invention of steam, always followed those main wind patterns. The trip from Madura to Java, however, is but a short hop.

The traditional Maduran rig, however, has not changed. It's still a rig made up of sticks and native bamoo shoots, free for the plucking, and as I seem to see from the photos, cheap calico. It is still a very complicated rig, made up from the simplest and lightest components which, just the same, are capable of moving 350 tons and upwards at a decent speed,

Now that I have more photographic ma-

terial to study I have been able to come to some definitive conclusions about this rig. To begin with, the sokongan, the sail support-stick, which upholds the yard, is never removed in tacking. This is contrary to what I have said before. The sokongan is removed to lower the sail, and in the small double outrigger canoes, the sokongan can be lengthened or shortened to lower or raise the aft end of the yard. In the latter, the sokongan is placed much more forward under the yard.

Shifting the sail from one side to the other can only be done in the latter by passing sail and boom in front of the yard. In these canoes the stays that run from the yard forward to prevent lateral movement, are underneath the sail; it would thus be impossible to shift the sail below the yard. In the larger monohulls these stays run on top of the sail, the sail must thus be shifted below the yard.

For this reason the sokongan in the large craft is set closer to the end (top) of the yard. Two lines, clearly visible in one of the photos I received, run thru a block on each side of the top of the yard and loop around the fore-side of the sokongan. The end of the sail, the peak, is attached to this line, but is not attached to the yard 'til well in front of the sokongan; the end of the sail can thus be pulled around the sokongan. The same applies for the foot of the sail to get it around the mast.

In the large traders, where the house goes up to the main mast, it looks as if the boom is merely laid on top of the house. In the salt-boats the boom is attached to the mast, but must be untied to manhandle the boom around the sokongan. As these boats have a skipper and two crew, I suppose one handles the foresail and the other the boom and mainsail. The skipper stays at his rudder.

In my sketch of the salt-boat you can see that the yard hits the deck in front of the removable thwart-stick to which the stays are housed. In this manner the stays prevent the yard from being raised higher than wanted, and pull against the pressure the sokongan exerts from below. The sokongan itself has lateral

stays, in some photos one can see the windward stay being taut and the leeward one hanging slack.

In my sketch I have accentuated the yard stays. There is also a tricingline, well visible in the photos. A tricing-line allows for having a sail set in a certain amount of fullness. This is not a brail, the task of which is to fold the sail. A brail would go around the boom, not end there. I have only shown the port tricingline, as well as the port part of the line that shifts the peak of the sail.

In the mainsail the tricing-line is set aft; in the foresail the tricing line is set on the foremast. The foresail is simply turned, forward of its yard with the yard serving as axis for its turning. When tacking it must be brailed, but I have not shown the brails on either fore or main sail to keep the drawing clear.

I have shown the foot of the main-sail as set away from the mast and yard, over toward leeward. This, together with the tightening of the tricingline, is done to induce a full set of sail. This is akin to the angle of the luff of an Arabian lug, which introduces a sailshape along the yard, resembling the shape of an aircraft wing in section, at the forward side of the wing. All those native sails do not have the advantages of modern sail designers and makers. Of course they also are unable to pay for such work. Just the same, they understand how to make their sails draw more efficiently.

In tests done on three continents with various sailshapes, it was found that the crabclaw sail of the Pacific is the most efficient. The triangular lugsail, balanced lug, that many call a lateen, which has both a yard and a boom, turned out to be the most inefficient. Where is the difference, as they both seem to so closely resemble one another? The difference is in the free moving boom. The moment the boom is freed, the sail-surface can assume a more efficient attitude.

Watch the surfboard sailors. In the harbor of Dana Point I saw some of these sailors hang almost horizontal over the water, their sails hanging above them at the same angle, sailing seemingly straight into the wind, something science will tell you is impossible, at an unbelievable speed. Of course this can be explained with the modern explanation of how this so-called lift in air and hydrofoils really works; it turns out to be a vortex, it seems, encircling the wing, but only those unredeemable mavericks among us could contemplate such blasphemy. Those kids, of course, don't know that, but they do it just the same,



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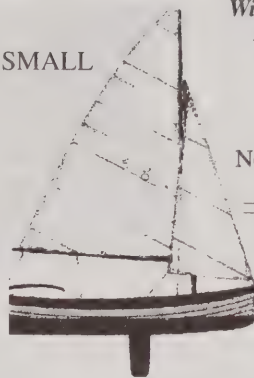
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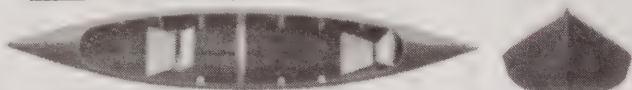
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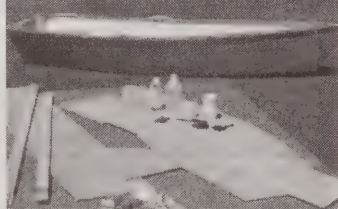
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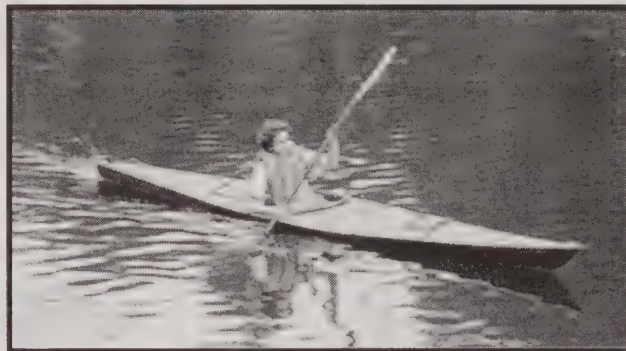
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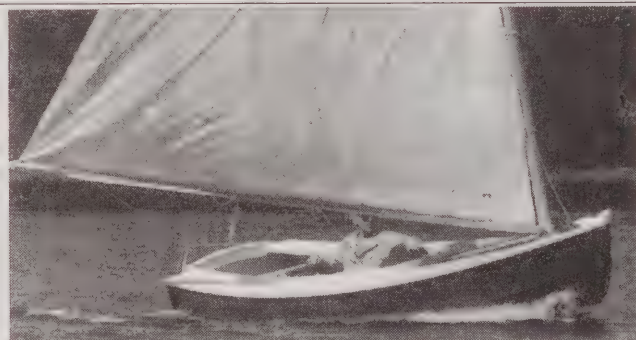
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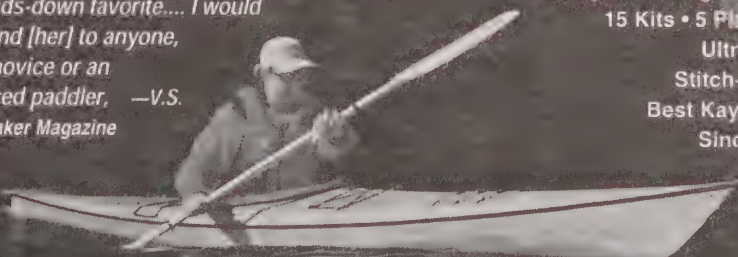


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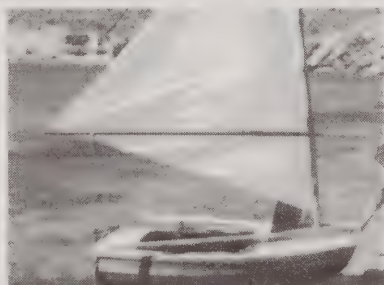
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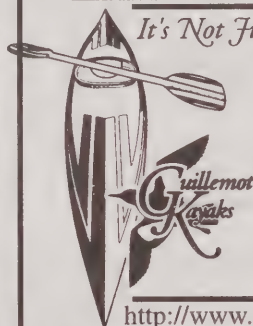
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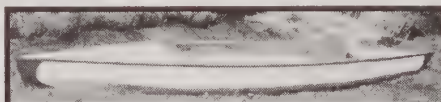
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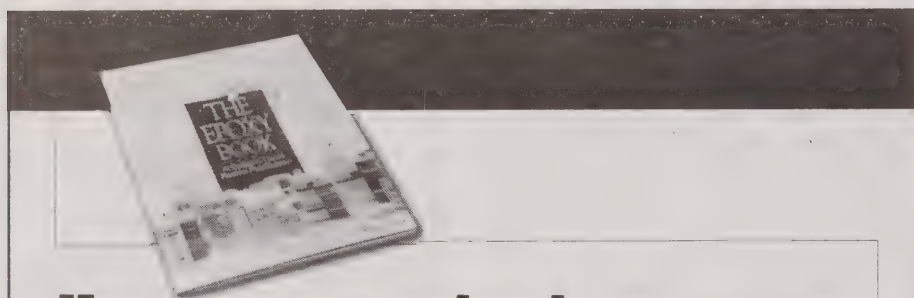
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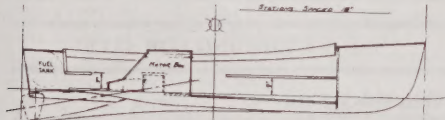
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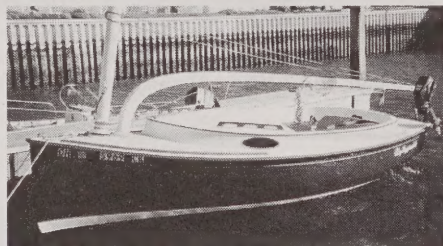


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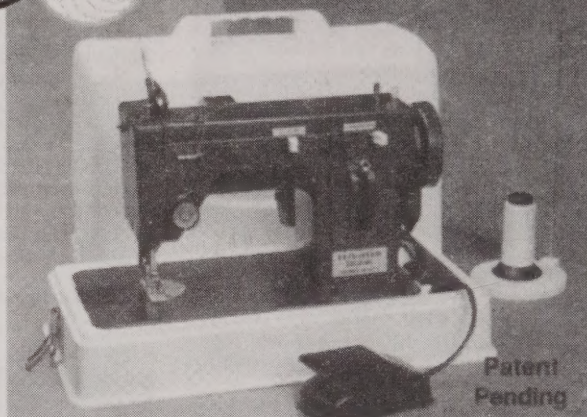
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